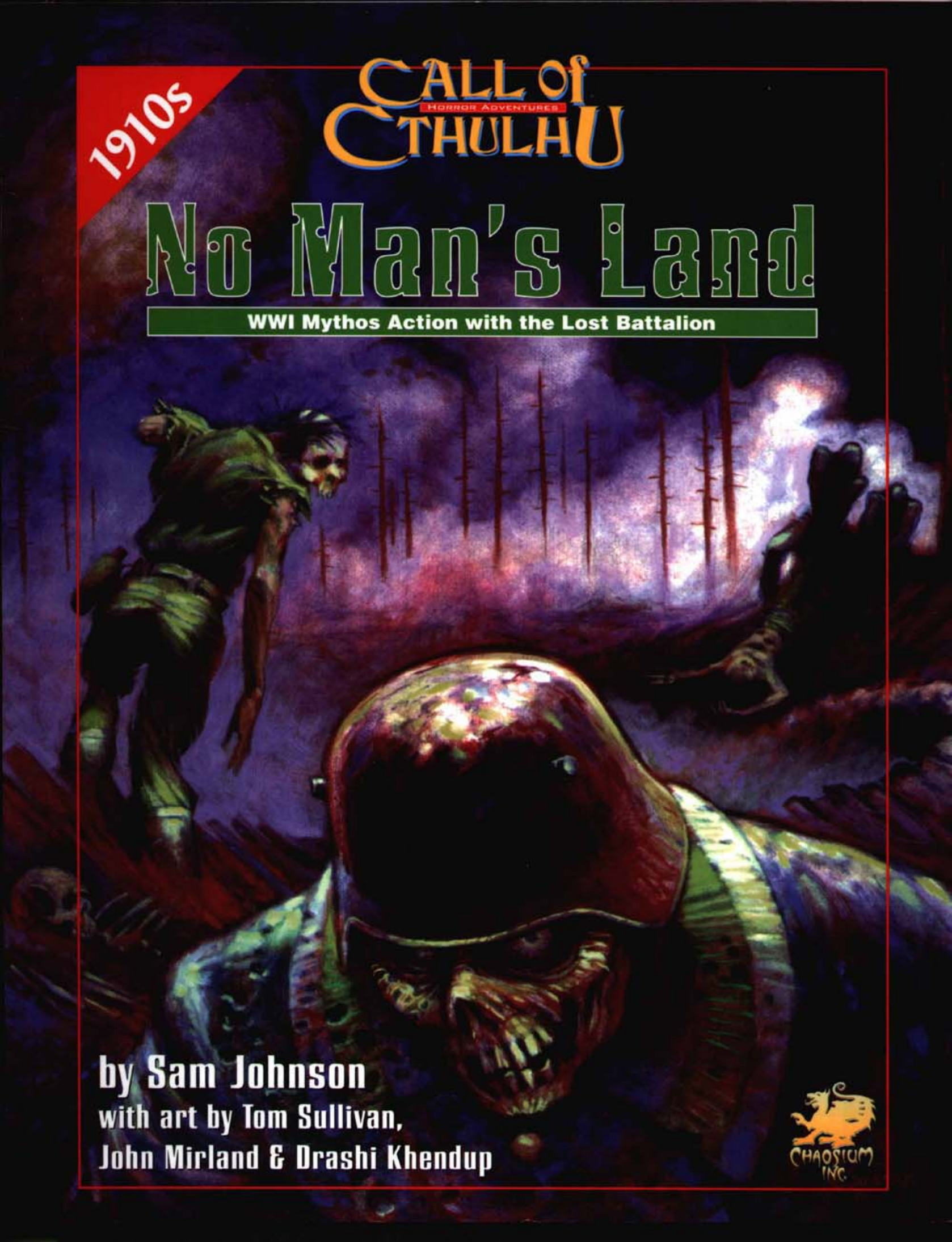
1910s

Call of Cthulhu
Horror Adventures

# No Man's Land

**WWI Mythos Action with the Lost Battalion**




**by Sam Johnson**
with art by Tom Sullivan,
John Mirland & Drashi Khendup



Chaosium Inc.

# No Man's Land

**WWI Mythos Action with the Lost Battalion**

# H.P. Lovecraft
# 1890-1937

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**WWI Mythos Action with the Lost Battalion**

## by Sam Johnson

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Chaosium Inc.
1998

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# Dedication

*This book is dedicated to Kevin A. Ross, without whose timely intervention the Masters' Tournament would never have been more than a happy memory, and to the Goo Crew of the 1993 Cthulhu Masters' Tournament who brought the round to life: Wayne Clemmer, Daniel Eastland, James Nance, Doyle Wayne-Ramos Tavener, and Dustin Wright.*


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# Introduction

Welcome to *No Man's Land*. Here the players take the roles of soldiers trying to survive on the hellish battlefields of the First World War only to come face to face with even greater terrors. *No Man's Land* was originally run under the title "Screams in No Man's Land" as part of the Cthulhu Masters' Tournament at GenCon '93. Unlike many previous tournament rounds that have been published for *Call of Cthulhu*, the format of this scenario has been altered as little as possible.

## Using this Book

The exotic setting and plot requirements of this scenario make it very difficult to insert into an ongoing Call of Cthulhu campaign. *No Man's Land* is intended to be run as a self-contained, stand-alone adventure. Designed to be finished in eight hours of tournament play, most groups should finish the adventure in a single session of play, or two at most. Six pre-generated tournament characters are provided, along with several player's handouts and special materials to aid keepers in running the scenario. Keepers planning to run this adventure can use it in one of three ways.

### As a Tournament Scenario

*No Man's Land* was originally designed as the preliminary and semi-final rounds of the Cthulhu Masters' Tournament (CMT). Six groups of six players played in the prelims, with two advancing from each section to form three groups of four in the semis. Advancement was based entirely on role-playing: completion of the round's objectives, while certainly enjoyable, was not required. Note that in the second round two of the pregenerated characters became non-player characters, and eventually met gruesome deaths. Keepers who intend to run *No Man's Land* as a tournament need not adhere to this structure: the second part can just as easily be run with groups of six. See the note at the beginning of Part 2 for suggestions on modifying the plot to accommodate a full-sized group.

To run *No Man's Land* as a tournament event, the tournament staff will need some kind of scoring system. The Cthulhu Masters' Tournament calculated a player's score based on a tally of votes from the contestants and the staff. At the end of a given round, all the players and keepers were given a ballot on which they listed the top five roleplayers in the round, in order. Players were forbidden to vote for themselves. To avoid headaches, make sure each vote includes both the player's and the character's names! The staff votes were counted twice, then all of the rankings for each player were totaled. The players with the lowest cumulative scores (*i.e.*, those that received the most 1's and 2's) advanced. Keepers had the final say in which players did or did not advance: disruptive or domineering players who still managed to garner a lot of votes might be denied advancement, while a more subtle performance that escaped the other players' notice could be advanced by keeper fiat.

While elimination style tournaments ensure that later rounds be played by the best players in the tournament, they do have one drawback—less than half of the players will get to experience the later rounds. In a two part round like *No Man's Land* many players will be left wondering just what was going on. Tournament staffs can run *No Man's Land* without any elimination just as easily—all players play both parts (although they should be forbidden from playing the same character from part one to part two), and at the end their cumulative score from both rounds determines their final rankings.

### As a One Shot

*No Man's Land*, removed from its tournament context, makes an excellent "one shot" adventure keepers can use as a change of pace in the course of an ongoing campaign. Players who are weary of long investigations and dense puzzles might enjoy a scenario where combat is encouraged and all the investigators are heavily armed. Also, because there is no ongoing story to derail, keepers need not pull their punches when it comes to investigator deaths—death should be an ever-present threat, and the likelihood of all of the soldiers surviving the final encounter is very small. Care should be taken, however, that the players not take advantage of the closed-ended adventure and fling their characters headlong into danger—a player may not worry about what will happen to his soldier next week, but the character certainly will!

### As a Campaign Introduction

As a final alternative, *No Man's Land* can be used as the first scenario of an ongoing campaign. The players will

generate their own characters (for more information on generating soldier characters, see the nearby sidebar), and then play through the scenario as written. By the scenario's end, all the soldiers will have encountered the terror of the Cthulhu Mythos, and will have defeated it working as a team. Years later in the 1920's, if one of the survivors should find himself confronted by nameless terrors again, who else would he call but his old comrades at arms?

# Running the Scenario

## What's in This Book

In addition to the scenario itself, this book contains ample materials to help keepers run *No Man's Land* smoothly and effectively.

The first appendix, a history of the Lost Battalion, contains a day by day account of the actual events that serve as a backdrop to this scenario.

A second appendix, The Soldier's Lot, contains information about the average soldier's living conditions during the First World War that keepers can use as inspiration in developing Great War scenarios of their own. Rules are interleaved with background material. The data here pertaining to insanity and combat can also be used while running this scenario, if the keeper wishes.

The handouts appendix contains all the handouts the soldiers can accumulate in the course of the adventure, as well as many play aids for keepers. The six pregenerated characters designed for use in *No Man's Land* are at the very end of the book, and notes on their use as well as on generating soldier characters can be found in nearby boxes in this introduction.

## Pregenerated or Home-grown?

One of the first decisions a keeper must make when preparing this scenario is whether or not they will use the pregenerated tournament characters beginning on p. 67. While using them will spare the players the need to generate characters of their own, some players might not want a strange persona forced on them. To a great degree, the use of the pregenerated characters will depend on how the scenario is being run.

A tournament presentation requires the use of the pregenerated characters; the contestants will, in the end, be judged on how well they assume these roles. A one-shot presentation allows keepers and players more leeway—some players might want to build soldiers of their own, while others are content to use the characters provided. If *No Man's Land* is being run as a campaign introduction, the players will almost certainly want to generate their own characters. If the group makes its own characters, the keeper must bear in mind that the pregenerated characters were specifically tailored to the challenges of the scenario. Whatever the mix of homegrown characters, one of them must have the ability to read both French and Latin. Also, at least one character should have a strong Track skill.

## Getting Ready

Before play, keepers must become as familiar as possible with the plot of *No Man's Land*, and would do well to refer to some of the sources listed in the bibliography, page 39. Also, keepers with the time and inclination should give some thought to staging the scenario: the more atmosphere the keeper can import into the game room, the more chilling the scenario will become. See Staging Notes, below. Keepers and their assistants are advised to hide their game preparations from the players if at all possible. Walking into it, the less the players know about the scenario, the better. Also, if the staging elements come as a surprise, the tension the players feel will electrify their roleplaying.

If the pregenerated characters are being used, the keeper must decide how to distribute them. At the CMT, selection was as random as possible: the players were read the names and occupations of each character (note that only William Grimm was classified as a "soldier"), then asked to choose. Keepers might want to assign specific characters to players in their group, or let the players peruse the sheets before making their choice. Once characters have been selected, the players should be given about five minutes to read their character backgrounds, and then play can begin.

## Staging Notes

Atmosphere, so critical to *Call of Cthulhu* games, should be paramount in this scenario. As horrifying as events in the scenario are, they're much scarier if the players can forget they're sitting around a table and imagine that they are there, in the Argonne, walking on the stage of history. The following are several ways keepers can bring out the best that this scenario has to offer.

### TEAMWORK

First of all, we strongly recommend using two keepers. One will do the primary keeper work while the second can keep track of sound cues, props, etc. The two can also split up the NPC roles between them, and can even act out conversations between two NPCs as a dialogue before the players' eyes. The second keeper (called the keeper's Thing in the CMT) can also referee smaller groups that split up. Finally, each keeper can take care of half of the players during combat sequences, making the resolution much faster.

### LIGHTING

The easiest and most important way to divorce your players from the gaming table and transport them somewhere else is through effective use of lighting. Effective use of light (and particularly of darkness) makes the old game room harder to see, hence easier to forget. We ran the scenario at GenCon with a single oil lantern for the players to see by, while each keeper had a small flashlight to read with. The lamp was turned down low, suffusing the scene with dim yellow light. We also rigged up a strobe light with a green gel taped over it which kicked in whenever the Iloigor attacked, creating their other-worldly light. Some players complained about the disorienting strobe, but most loved being thrown off balance. Also, the keeper's Thing had a nasty habit of suddenly turning on the overhead lights whenever the Iloigor triggered their explosions, making everyone start with surprise.

### SOUND AND ATMOSPHERE

If at all possible, play this scenario in a *very* cold place. The elements are another enemy the soldiers must overcome, and adding tangible cold to the play environment will make the role playing flow that much faster. The Cthulhu Masters' Tournament also made great use of sound. We employed three jam boxes, often running all of them at once. Several sound effects tapes were prepared; wind noise, rain noise, chirping crickets, a deafeningly loud sniper shot, two tapes of generic battle noise (gun shots, screams, explosions etc.), and two tapes of an artillery barrage. All of our effects were taken from conventional military or sound effects tapes which are readily available. We found some of them at discount book stores and saved some money. The third jam box kept up the mood music, soundtracks from appropriate films. We used *Glory* and *Aliens* for military and battle music, while *The Omen*, *The Seventh Sign*, *Alien 3*, *John Carpenter's The Thing*, and *Bram Stoker's Dracula* gave us our terror music. The three boxes let us layer the effects: rain and howling wind combined with spooky mood music, for example. Playing soundtracks on top of each other can create some truly disconcerting effects. A set of headphones, so that the Thing can cue specific tracks silently, are essential.

### COSTUME

This is a purely optional choice, but one that can really enhance your game. We found a genuine WWI doughboy's helmet and ammo belts at an antique show and assembled a makeshift uniform for the keeper to wear. The other staff wore fatigue shirts or khaki sweaters, and we were even able to round up six sweaters or camouflaged shirts for the players to wear, compliments of the ex marine and the army reservist on the CMT staff. Fatigue shirts are available from army surplus stores, and usually very inexpensive. Also, we costumed the room with a camouflage net thirty feet in diameter, draping it from the rafters above. The net, easily the most expensive part of the whole presentation, was absolutely fantastic, casting a spider web of shadows in the dim lantern light and obscuring the walls completely.

## Generating Soldier Characters

Six pregenerated soldiers are included in this book, but some players will wish to generate characters of their own, particularly as replacements for dead comrades are needed. To make a soldier, start with the person the man was before he went to war. Generate a character normally, paying close attention to the character's personality, motivations, and desires.

Once the investigator is completely generated, he goes to war. Decide whether he volunteered or was conscripted. Despite modern myths to the contrary, the number of volunteer soldiers in WWI was very small, only about 10-20%, particularly in America. Soldiers who have joined up one way or another are run through rigorous training. Divide the new soldier's Idea roll by 10, rounding down any fractions. The result is the number of D10's rolled to determine the soldier's training pool, a new pool of skill points that can be spent only on the following skills, with a maximum increase of 15% in any one skill.

> **Standard Soldier Skills:** Climb, Conceal, First Aid, Sneak, Rifle, Machine Gun, Hide, Listen, Bayonet, and Throw.

If the soldier was formerly a dilettante or had an EDU of 15 or higher, a successful Luck roll (at halved Luck for non-dilettantes) indicates the soldier was trained as an officer. Officers generate their training pool normally, but instead divide their points among the following skills.

> **Standard Officer Skills:** Climb, Conceal, First Aid, Pistol, Hide, Listen, Sneak, Throw, Navigate, Persuade (leadership), and Law (regulations).

Finally, think of how the soldier's life has affected the character; how has he adapted to the filth, the horror, and the sheer toil of it all? Does he desperately cling to memories of home, counting the days and going on and on in endless anecdotes about home or fantasies about his return? Perhaps he cracks jokes, hiding his fear behind a facade of humor. Maybe he becomes sullen, totally withdrawing into himself. Some men, however, thrive on roughing it and will become beasts to match the bestial conditions of the Great War. Others could find solace in liquor, morphine (especially after a trip to the hospital), poetry, or religion. The soldier's life was rarely a happy one, and while the horrors of war could destroy his mind, the trials of life in the trenches could also bring out the best in him.

SGT. MADDOX

### PROPS

These will take a little work, but making genuine, three-dimensional props will prove well worth the effort during play. We managed to fabricate both the book and the crystal that the old priest gives to the group, thanks to the technical wizardry of Dustin Wright (the same guy who managed to record our effects tapes). The crystal was a finger-sized bit of quartz we mounted on a hole in the top of a small box made of hardened clay. On the inside of the box we glued a piece of blue plastic over the hole (which the crystal actually rested on), then fixed a small light bulb to the bottom, which was wired to a dimmer switch mounted under the table. The whole assembly was kept hidden under a box until the players got the crystal, then the keeper could announce the lloigor's presence by silently bringing the light up, causing the crystal to flare with an odd blue radiance. Instead of calling for Spot Hidden rolls to notice the crystal, the players were left to notice it on their own, and the ominous blue light never failed to raise hairs. A bit technical, perhaps, and very fragile, but the effect was well worth it.

The book was much easier. We took an old family bible, a huge book bound in black leather, and blacked out the gilt titles on the spine and cover with shoe polish. The prop book quotes were then written up on parchment colored paper (available at any office supply store), inserted between real pages, and marked with a cloth bookmark. The big, heavy book, while adding a very tangible physical element to the game, also led to some great unexpected roleplaying: in one semi-final round a player, after reading through the ancient quotes in a fearful, faltering voice, spontaneously turned to the Lord's Prayer and spoke it aloud, leading the group in a huddled, desperate invocation. The players shivered in the dim lantern light, and even the keepers got chills. It was without a doubt the best moment of the tournament.

We wound up spending a pretty penny on the costuming, but the lighting, props, and sound can be pulled off with a minimum of cost and a little effort, particularly if the group pools together the resources it already has. While it's true that not every group will have a theatrical technician or two ex-soldiers in it, using even one of the elements described above can transform a great game into an extraordinary one.

## Who Are the Cthulhu Masters?

The Cthulhu Masters' Tournament began in 1988 as the brainchild of Keith Herber. A three round, elimination-style tournament run at GenCon, the CMT would be completely sponsored by Chaosium, and was designed to encourage stellar roleplaying in truly challenging scenarios. The winner each year receives a coveted prize—the infamous Mi-go Braincase Trophy. In 1992, Sam Johnson won the CMT and was asked to take over direction of the tournament the following January. In the five years since, the Cthulhu Masters' Tournament has sold out every year, despite the fact that the 1997 CMT hosted seventy-two players (three times the twenty-four who played in 1992!).

One of GenCon's pinnacle events, the CMT continues to this day. Its growing staff (about fourteen as of this writing) continues its tireless quest to create the ultimate gaming experience: props, music, costuming, challenging characters and tricky plots are the staple of the event. In recent years, the CMT has taken its hapless players to Mars, the Hyades, Stalin's Russia, Lovecraft country, 19th Century Palestine, and the Dreamlands. Future Cthulhu Masters' books will feature some of these scenarios. For a glimpse of another CMT round, keepers are directed to *A Resection of Time*, which served (with a vastly different ending) as the semi-final and final rounds of the Cthulhu Masters' Tournament in 1994. ■

Part One

# The Fog of War

*No Man's Land* is a *Call of Cthulhu* tournament scenario set in the hellish battlefields of the First World War. The player characters (hereafter called "soldiers" rather than "investigators"), American soldiers in the 308th Regiment, 77th infantry division, are separated from the rest of their division during heavy fighting in the Argonne Forest. As they wander through the misty wood, they slowly learn that other forces are at work here, ancient, evil forces which hope to use the conflict as a means to destroy all of Western Europe, and perhaps world. Familiarity with the lloigor, as described in the *Call of Cthulhu* rules, is essential.

## Keeper's Information

### THE GREAT WAR

The year is 1918. For four years Europe has been locked in the throes of the Great War, the most devastating conflict in history. Technical innovations in artillery, air power, chemical warfare, and automatic weapons have changed the face of battle. When industrial mass production, universal conscription, and staunch adherence to Napoleonic Era military theory were added to the mix, they created the Western Front: a Hell on Earth where literally millions of soldiers have fed the war's hunger for blood. Far more died on the fields of the Western Front than men: a world was ending. The scale of this new War, and its barbarity, are staggering: at the battle of the Somme, which raged from July to November 1916, the British lost 60,000 soldiers in the first day, and total casualties for the offensive ran over a million men. As historian A.J.P. Taylor put it, "The war ceased to have a purpose [and] went on for its own sake, as a contest in endurance" (*The First World War*, p. 140). The arrogant optimism that had inflamed the West following the industrial revolution, the idea that progress, technology, and enlightenment had raised Man (white man in particular) to the mastery of the world and a state of near divinity is dead, gassed and shelled into oblivion. The cream of Europe's youth learned first hand just how far civilization could fall.

### THE MEUSE-ARGONNE OFFENSIVE

By 1918, the Allied and Central Powers are still locked in a stalemate in Northeastern France, both sides having long since foundered in a quagmire of trench warfare. The armies of Europe loom on the brink of collapse. A new force has come, however, which will at long last break the deadlock, exhaust the German war machine, and end the war. The Americans have arrived.

In early September, General John J. "Black Jack" Pershing's army had scored a resounding success in Southern France at St. Mihiel, and Pershing hoped to follow it up with a daring offensive into the Argonne forest along the Meuse River, an offensive which might crack the Hindenburg line. The last great American offensive of the war, the Meuse-Argonne, began on September 26. The 77th infantry division was ordered into the Argonne, where it immediately took heavy losses and stalled, gaining only five miles in six days of heavy fighting.

Fighting in the woods was nightmarish: as one soldier recalled: "I found myself . . . adrift in a blind world of whiteness and noise, groping over something like the surface of the moon . . . the ground rose into bare pinnacles . . . or descended into bottomless chasms, half-filled with rusty tangles of wire. It seemed to go on forever" (Taylor, 429). The terrain was not the worst of it. On October 2, Pershing, worried that a stalled drive might cause the French to split up the American army, ordered the 77th, pinned down and exhausted by its push in the Argonne, to advance, even though their left flank was no longer secure. The division moved out, and two of its battalions, commanded by Major Charles Whittlesey and Captain George McMurtry, found a place in history as the famous "Lost Battalion". For details of the battalion's travails, see the appendices.

*Player's Handout #1* is a newspaper front page from just before the advance. It can be distributed to help evoke the feel of the Great War.

### THE LOST BATTALION

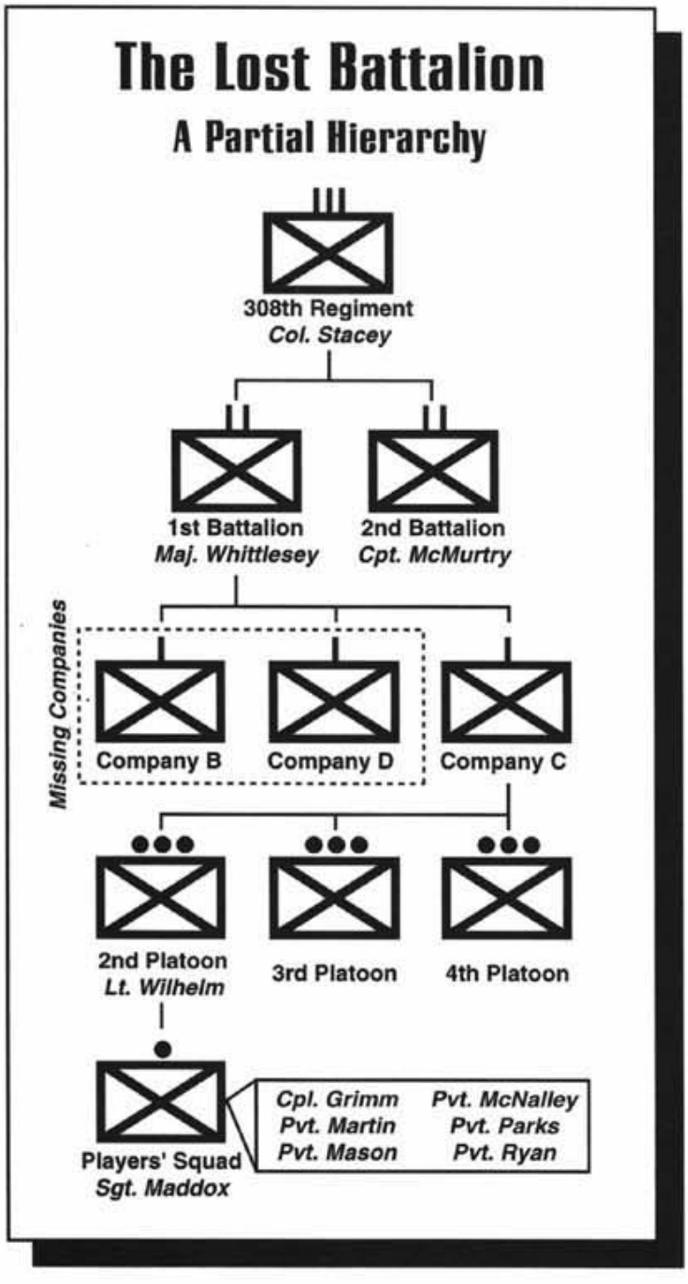
Whittlesey moved out under protest, and soon met stiff resistance. He found that he was cut off and completely surrounded. For five days, the two battalions endured enemy shelling, friendly shelling, the elements, starvation, and devastating German assaults. Of the 600 or so men Whittlesey led into the forest, 190 limped out October 7. The players are part of this luckless outfit, sent out in search of two missing companies, only to go missing themselves, lost in enemy territory. The enemy, however, is the least of their troubles . . . .

### THE LLOIGOR

Twenty thousand years ago, the star-spawned race of lloigor came to Earth from their home in the Andromeda galaxy, colonizing our young world and enslaving humani-

ty on the lost continent of Mu. The lloigor found the great old one Ghatanathoa in his island prison and paid homage to him, installing him as a god for their human slaves to worship. The lloigor are energy beings, intensely telepathic, but they found conditions on our planet inhospitable. As Collin Wilson describes it in "The Return of the Lloigor", their alien minds "were deeply pessimistic . . . without the possibility of averting the mind from truth or forgetting." Their energy thrives on decay, their very essences strongly negative. The Earth was too young, "its energy processes still in the uphill stage . . . making for complexification . . . and the destruction of negative forces." The lloigor had great difficulty focusing their power in the positively charged aether of Earth, and so enslaved humans to fulfill their needs and designs. This turned out to be their undoing.

The humans bred prolifically, and the naive optimism of human consciousness, anathema to the lloigor, ran unchecked as the race multiplied. Crowded out by so much positive thought, the lloigor fell into a steady decline, retreating underground to power nodes where their energy flows more easily. Occasionally the star spawn would gather in great numbers to obliterate a great ancient city, but the humans had become so numerous that the star-spawn could not turn the tide. The lloigor turned inward, manipulating occasional communities of humans and contemplating their dismal fate. If they could but engineer a mass slaughter of humanity in a localized area, they could gain a foothold from which to reclaim the world. Until 1914, the lloigor had no means of doing so.




## THE STAR SPAWNS' PLAN

During the Great War, over ten million soldiers found themselves crammed together in an area of only four thousand square miles, most along the narrow, 250-mile sweep of the Western Front. Such a dense concentration of optimistic human minds would normally have been fatal to the lloigor, but the human minds were far from optimistic. Faced with continual horror and violence, the all too human idealism of Europe's youth turned to shell-shock and despair, negative emotions so intense that the lloigor felt them half a world away. The lloigor began to converge on northern France and drain the life force from the multitudes, hoarding vast stores of magical energy. The discomfort felt by the soldiers was dismissed as a consequence of their abysmal situation. By October 1918, nearly 20,000 American soldiers had died from influenza. No one could guess that the epidemic was fanned even higher by the lloigor, who weakened the men by leeching away their very life force.

The lloigor have also found a use for the energy they've collected. In his prison near New Zealand, dread Ghatanathoa waits dreaming . . . and the lloigor intend to wake him. Using millions of accumulated magic points, the lloigor will break the Elder Sign holding Ghatanathoa, open a Gate into its prison, and summon it through. A group of lloigor cultists—degenerate French villagers—have traveled to France and will perform the ritual. The great old one, once freed, will wreak havoc through the whole of Europe, petrifying and destroying all in its path. Not only will the rampage produce a surge of negativity even greater than that of the War, Ghatanathoa will depopulate Europe, creating the stable foothold the star spawn have waited for through the millennia. The summoning will take place at a great necropolis where the lloigor were worshiped of old by the megalithic cultures of Western Europe.

The temple is buried at the crux of the war, beneath the hills of the Argonne Forest, where a group of hapless Americans have found themselves cut off, surrounded by the enemy. The lloigor must clear the valley of the pesky humans without destroying the place and risking the temple's collapse. The French cultists have set to work animating a small army of dead soldiers, a zombie regiment that will butcher the Americans, or at least distract them long enough for the cult to sneak into the temple. The undead army, and the ritual to free Ghatanathoa, are dealt with in Part 2 of this scenario. In Part 1, the story centers on the Lost Battalion, and one of its hapless squads who inadvertently comes face to face with alien terror . . . .

# The Horrors of War
## *October 2, 1918*

### In the Pocket

The scenario begins at dusk, under grim gray skies, as the two battalions try to dig in and German artillery bombardment begins. Read the following introduction to the players.

**Aloud:** your squad sits hunched together, shoulder to shoulder in a shallow, makeshift foxhole, shivering from the damp chill. All of you are exhausted, and have been plagued all day by dizzy spells and tremendous headaches. **End.**

Actually, the unseen lloigor have drained 8 magic points from each soldier.

**Aloud:** around you, the men of the 1st and 2nd battalions, 308th infantry regiment, scurry about like frightened ants, little pockets of men each trying to dig in through the rocky ground. The units occupy a shallow valley, about three miles long and three hundred yards wide, through which flows a feeble stream. The area is relatively clear, the hillocks crowned with a few, sparse trees, while on all sides the thick trees of the Argonne form a blurry, impenetrable horizon.

As the last of the sunlight fades away, the color seems to ebb out of everything; the rough, uneven ground becomes a flat, hazy mass of black mud and gray stone, and the dark woods beyond melt into the slate colored clouds above, burying you in a shroud of gloom. The soldiers transform into gray and white phantoms, flickering in and out of the encroaching shadows like figures in a newsreel. A gentle mist of chilling rain falls as you huddle together, watching the mist of your breath and trying to work the soreness out of your aching muscles.

A few yards away, a kerosene lantern sputters to life among the roots of a tree. In its warm, golden glow you see the long, somber face of Major Whittlesey, battalion commander, bespectacled eyes flashing with every nod and turn of head to Captain McMurtry, his second. The two officers are talking to Lieutenant Wilhelm, your platoon leader, and gesturing to a map spread out on the ground. Just then, the din of shouts and scraping shovels is smashed by a deafening thunderclap. The ground beneath you shudders, and the flash of the explosion brings color back to the world for a flashbulb instant. Another shell slams home, and another, each leaving frozen images of the skeletal trees and terrified soldiers in its wake. A mortar shell hits a few yards away, showering you with dirt and pebbles. A new sound rings out between explosions, the moans of the wounded.

"Artillery," murmurs Maddox, your squad's sergeant. "Wonderful! And here we are, we can't even dig in properly 'cause we've got no proper tools. This is madness." **End.**

The other soldiers of the squad speak up at this point, bemoaning the battalion's condition. Encourage player conversation. "Sarge" will go on griping about the utter lack of planning. Others complain about the lack of food and the numbing cold. Weren't the French supposed to be holding down the left flank? How the hell did those Hun bastards manage to get artillery this deep into the forest? Where are the reinforcements? We're cut off now for sure. Ol' "Witless" Whittlesey sure put his foot in it this time.

At this point, sleet begins to fall, pinging on the soldiers' helmets and chilling them even more. Suddenly, a shell hits close by, and a screaming soldier flies into the air, landing in the foxhole in a shower of blood and unidentifiable bits. As the legless corpse hits, have each player make a **Luck roll** and a **SAN roll**. If they succeed the Luck roll, SAN loss for the scare is 0/1D3. If they fail, their soldiers are spattered with hot blood and steaming bits of flesh! SAN loss is now 1/1D4+1.

**Aloud:** as the squad struggles to dispose of the corpse, the barrage intensifies. Burning trees now cast a hellish light over the dismal landscape as men scramble for whatever meager cover they can find. Lt. Wilhelm crawls back over to the group.

"All right, listen!" he shouts over the bombardment. "A patrol confirmed the enemy is behind us, and in force. We're cut off." Everyone's faces darken. "Sometime during the advance this morning we lost track of company B and D. The major's sending us out with 3rd and 4th platoons to search for them."

"Are you crazy?" Maddox bellows, "We're surrounded, cut off, it's dark, and you expect us to go poking about out there?"

"You wanna stay here?" Wilhelm snaps, and as if on a cue a shell explodes too close, raining a hail of mud down on you. No one speaks. "Come on, move out!" Maddox yells. "Anything beats this! Move out!" **End.**

The squad finds the other two platoons and heads for the edge of the valley. On the way, more shells fall with the freezing rain, and men huddle into the smoking craters, the only decent shelter around. As the group crosses the creek, have each player **roll D100**. The high roller trips and turns his ankle over a stone for 1 point of damage and a reduction in physical skills of 5%. The offending stone is dull black and worn, the angular corner of what seems to be a much larger, buried stone. The faint, spiral patterns etched on it can be noticed if a **Spot Hidden roll** succeeds. The Sarge urges the troops on before any thorough investigation can be made, but anyone who saw or is told of the markings will, with a successful Archaeology roll, associate them with the marks found on megaliths in tombs and stone circles throughout the British Isles. No megaliths have ever been reported in this part of France, however. The Black Stone will be of great import later, in Part 2.

**Aloud:** the group of fifty-odd soldiers at last comes to the edge of the valley, where they find a group of three soldiers stringing barbed wire around the perimeter. They

stop and salute Wilhelm, who tells them the group's mission. The engineers part the wire with poles, letting the unit crawl under. As they pass, one of the three murmurs "Poor bastards . . . won't wait up for them." Beyond lie the foreboding depths of the Argonne. **End.**

### INTO THE WOODS

The three platoons move out into the forest, enveloped in near total darkness. The ground rises and falls in jagged slopes, without a path to be seen anywhere. Boulders and tangled undergrowth block the way, and the trees loom silently all around, stretching into the cloud-choked sky. The sleet has turned into a light mist, limiting visibility to the end of one's bayonet. The thunder of the explosions recedes in the distance, fading into ghostly thumps and echoes.

The hike is back-breaking, always up and then down hill. More than once, a squad finds itself snared in rusty wire, calling all to a halt until they can be freed. Stragglers and point men simply vanish in the fog, diverting everyone's efforts into looking for them, everyone scared to make the slightest sound, much less shout. The night grows colder. Faint impressions of movement haunt the corners of each man's vision. Every boulder becomes a machine gun nest, and every tree stump a German laying in wait.

After what seems an eternity, Maddox halts the squad, gesturing to something on the ground. The group crowds in, anxious to see. There, in a patch of mud, are a large group of footprints, heading off to the right. They pass through a tangle of wire, which Maddox points out has been cut. "This must be them." He whispers. "Wait," says Simmons, "I think they're ours." An argument breaks out. Each player may opt for a **Tracking roll**, which the keeper will make for them. With a success, the prints are recognized as the squad's own. A failed roll mistakes them for those of the missing companies, while a failure of 80+ identifies the prints as the tracks of a German patrol. Let the argument play out a few moments before Maddox tires of it.

"All right, dammit!" he says. "Simmons, signal third platoon!" Simmons crawls over and shouts in a stage whisper. "Third platoon! Hey!" Silence reigns. The squad begins to murmer: "Are we lost?" "Are we going around in circles?" "Damn, I can't see anything."

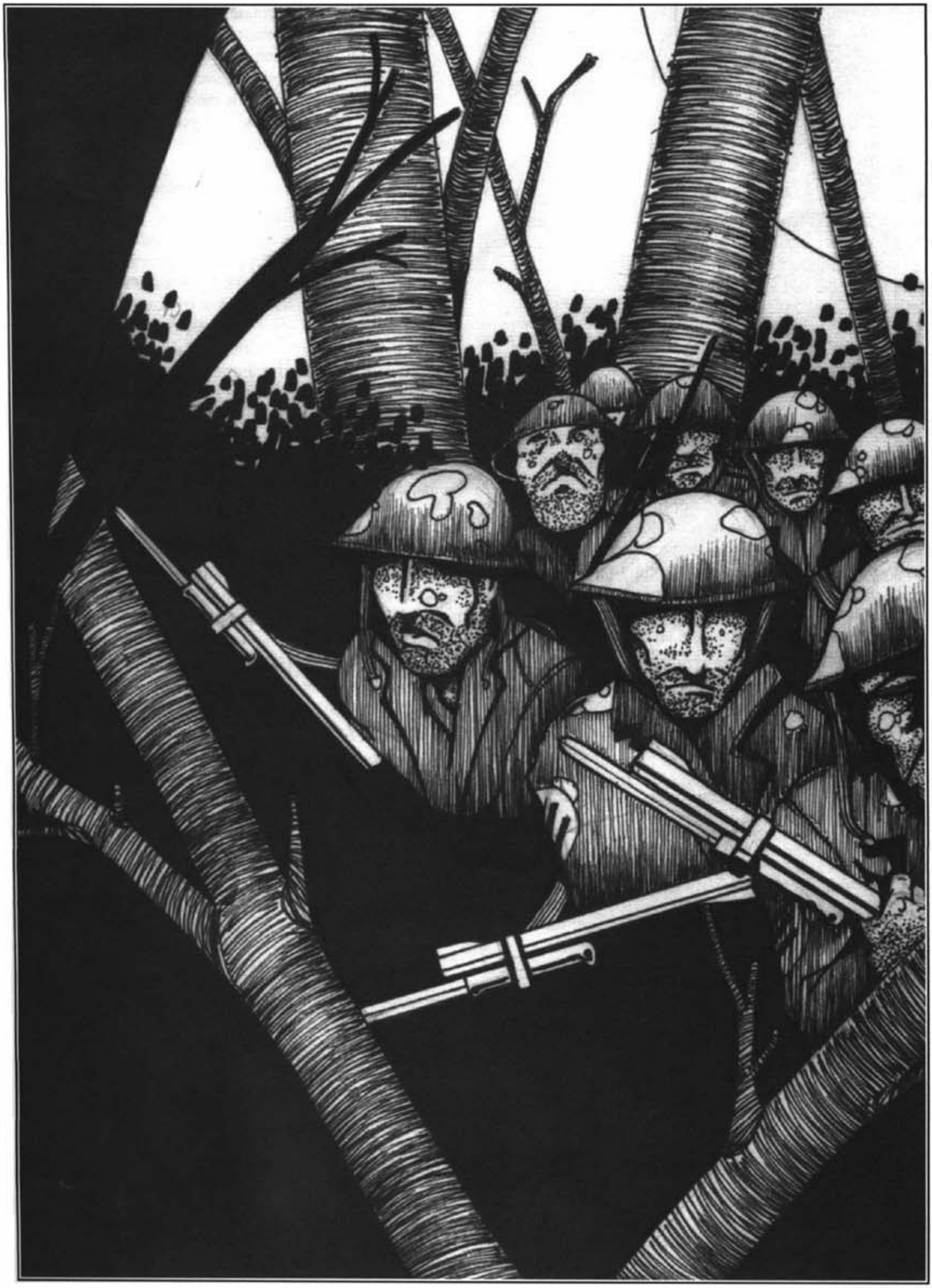
"We are not lost." Maddox affirms, reaching for his compass. He stares intently at it, holding it scarcely an inch from his eyes. "Damn it all." he grumbles, setting down his rifle and fishing out a match. He strikes it against the brim of his helmet and raises it to the compass face . . . .

## The Face of Battle

### AMBUSH!

Read the following:

**Aloud:** a shot rings out, and the match flame wavers and dies. In the split second of light, you soldiers see a gout of blood where Maddox's face used to be. It takes them a moment to realize that the white specks they saw flying out were his *teeth*! A loud hiss sounds overhead, and suddenly there is light, blindingly bright, from above. The muddy ground, the squad looking about in disarray, and Maddox's twitching body, all are suddenly all too visible. Only when the second shot rings out does it hit you: you're standing out in the open, the nearest cover yards away. You look up and see the flare gently sinking to the earth, and now you can make out the trench dug into the next ridge, and the soldiers taking careful aim at you. More shots, now, and more screaming. A grenade



explodes, jarring you into action. As you raise your rifle you hear a new noise, one that chills you to the bone: the rattle of a machine gun. What do you do? **End.**

For the sight of Maddox's gruesome death, each Soldier must make a **SAN roll** for 0/1D3.

## The Battle

When the shooting starts, each player must make a **SAN roll**. If successful, the soldier suffers no ill effects and may take whatever action he likes. If the roll is failed, the soldier is paralyzed with fright. He loses no SAN, but can only fall prone and scream for 1D4 rounds. If a 90-00 is rolled, the soldier is dumbfounded, and just stands there, slack-jawed, as chaos erupts around him.

### RUNNING THE BATTLE

Each combat round, every player must **roll 1D6**. On a roll of 1-3, something horrible happens to that soldier. Roll on the Infantry Charge Table (*Keeper's Handout #1*), using 2D6, modified by the soldier's action. The event will happen at a DEX rank of 2D6+3. If the event happens before a soldier's action, then the soldier loses his action for that round. In a round when an atrocity does not occur (or if they act first), coherent characters can take whatever action they like; taking cover, returning fire, lying prone in the open, charging the German line, or running.

The German soldier stats below are repeated in *Keeper's Handout #2*, along with all of the other stats for this adventure.

**GERMAN SOLDIERS, The Face of the Enemy**

| | *#1* | *#2* | *#3* | *#4* | *#5* | *#6* | *#7** | *#8* | *#9* | *#10* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| STR | 11 | 13 | 12 | 15 | 13 | 11 | 15 | 13 | 15 | 15 |
| CON | 15 | 15 | 12 | 13 | 11 | 13 | 14 | 7 | 10 | 11 |
| SIZ | 18 | 17 | 11 | 13 | 13 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 15 | 14 |
| INT | 8 | 16 | 16 | 11 | 10 | 12 | 10 | 11 | 13 | 14 |
| POW | 8 | 16 | 16 | 11 | 10 | 12 | 10 | 11 | 13 | 14 |
| DEX | 11 | 14 | 12 | 18 | 11 | 11 | 15 | 15 | 13 | 15 |
| HP | 17 | 16 | 12 | 13 | 12 | 12 | 13 | 10 | 13 | 13 |
| DB | +D4 | +D4 | — | +D4 | +D4 | — | +D4 | +D4 | +D4 | +d4 |

** An officer, a lieutenant*

**Weapons:** .303 Bolt-Action Rifle 40%, damage 2D6 + 4
Bayonet 35%, damage 1D4 + 2 + db
Rifle (as club) 25%, damage 1D8 + db
Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1D3 + db
Grapple 25%, damage special
Mauser Pistol* 35%, damage 1D8, 3/round
** Officer only*

**Armor:** 1 point heavy clothing, 2 point helmets.

**Skills:** Hide 35%, Listen 35%, Set Ambush 80%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden 35%.

***Cover:*** a soldier can find suitable cover in 1D3 combat rounds. A successful **Luck roll** cuts the time to one round. While running for cover, a character is treated as charging on the Infantry Charge Table. A soldier can either crouch behind cover and hide or attempt to return fire. Note that the Germans have a higher position, and any cover is therefore not absolutely safe.

***Fire:*** any character returning fire from cover can take normal aimed fire. The German trench is twenty yards away, uphill. Shooting characters fire at one quarter their Rifle skill because of the German cover and poor visibility (the Germans are in shadow while the flare shines in the soldiers' eyes). Charging characters may fire, but firing while running is impossible; they must pause to shoot. Trying to rechamber a round on the run is tricky. A soldier needs a **DEX x3 roll** on D100 or his rifle jams.

***Running Away:*** any character trying to flee the battle can leave the halo of flare light in one round. Once in the dark, they find themselves running through a tangle of bushes, boulders, and trees in total darkness. The player must **roll DEX x1** each round or trip over something, taking 2D6 damage (a successful **Luck roll**, however, will halve damage). Another **Luck roll** must be made or the soldier will lose his rifle. Either way, even if the falling damage would not render the soldier unconscious, the soldier hits his head in the fall and is out cold until the Aftermath, below.

***Charging:*** if not the smartest idea, certainly the most cinematic. The German line can be reached by a running character in three combat rounds. A charging character automatically receives a roll on the Infantry Charge Table on the last round of the charge. Other soldiers fall all around them, and as they reach the parapet, they should feel lucky to be alive. Once at the German line, the battle degenerates into a brawl, fought with bayonets, rifle butts, even tooth and nail. There are fifteen Germans in the trench, but assume that only 1D2 can engage each player, as other Americans also make it to the line. There should, at most, be three rounds of melee combat before the battle ends abruptly (see below).

***Combat Sanity Loss:*** as a final note, all of the soldiers are very green; none of them except Grimm and McNalley have ever killed a man before, so any other soldier's first kill will prompt a **SAN roll** with a penalty of 1/lD4 (sheer adrenaline will keep the effects from setting in until theAftermath, below). Also, Grimm is so hardened to war that he will always suffer minimum SAN loss for battle related injuries, and will never lose SAN if his SAN check succeeds.

### THE COURSE OF THE BATTLE

On round two, just as all looks hopeless, the other two platoons come running over a ridge, Lt. Wilhelm in front. The thirty-odd men surge into the light, and Wilhelm screams "*Charge!* Let's smother 'em, boys!" Anyone left dumbfounded by the ambush SAN roll can now make another **SAN roll**, and if it succeeds, the paralysis is broken, and they join the charge. Although they suffer horrendous losses, the platoons will reach the line at the end of combat round five. (Treat each player who joins this attack as charging on rounds three through five.)

During round four, all characters still conscious will start to feel a strange, tingling sensation and their hair begins to stand on end. Puzzled looks from their opponents

indicate that the Germans feel it, too. During round six, strange glowing whirls of light appear out of thin air, and a low, almost subsonic hum can be heard over the gunfire. At the end of round six, everyone's ears pop, and all goes white as the scene is consumed in a blinding flash. A shock wave hits the players like a sledgehammer. They feel a rushing wind whip around them, have a brief impression of flying through the air, hear a sound like a distant peal of thunder, and the world clicks from white to black . . . .

# Shadows of the Past
## *October 3, 1918*

### Aftermath

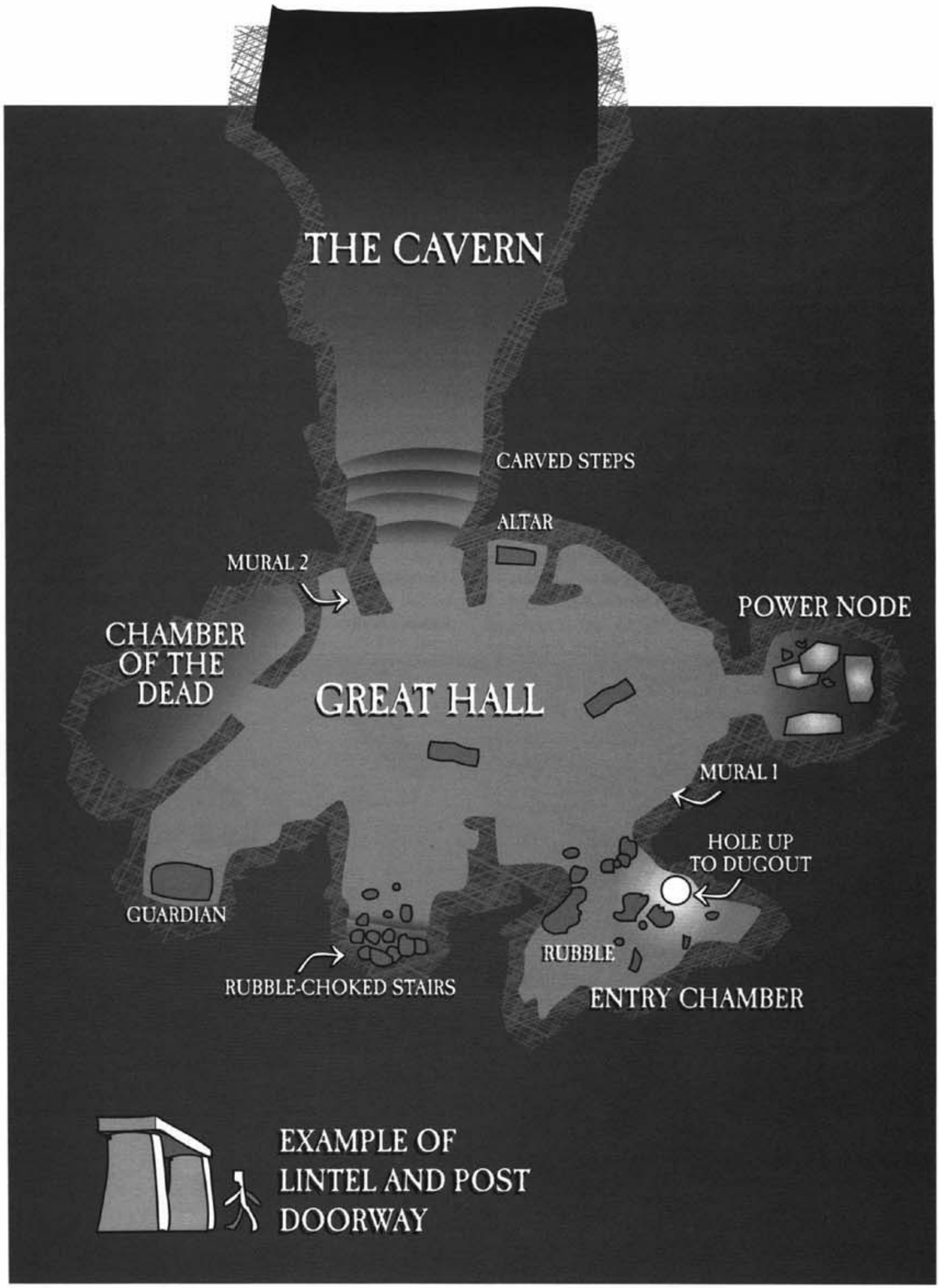
The soldiers don't know it, but their battleground lies directly above a power node favored by the lloigor, the site of an ancient megalithic temple built to the astral star spawn. The lloigor, fearing potential harm to the node, unleashed an energy vortex to deal with the pesky humans. Each soldier takes **1D3 points of damage**, the whims of fate having spared them the worst of the blast. They sprawl unconscious for about eighteen hours, then finally awaken.

**Aloud:** as you open your eyes, waves of pain course through your body. You're surprised to see that the sky overhead is bright, the blinding disk of the sun visible behind thinner clouds. It's day again! Just how long have you been lying here? You try to move and your stiff, aching joints give you a hint. Your clothes, strangely enough, are dry, though your fingers are numb from the cold. You sit up, and gasp at the sight that greets you.

The ridge you were fighting over what seemed like mere moments ago is gone, replaced by what might as well be the surface of the moon. Heaps of churned earth rise all around, and you can see the trees have all toppled, are stripped of their bark, and snapped like match sticks. Beyond the tangle of tree wreckage the Argonne forest waits, dark and eerily silent. The dark brown soil has turned to an ashen gray powder. You notice right away that despite the sleet and weeks of rain, there seems to be no moisture here. The only water stands in stagnant pools, green and slightly steaming. You notice your comrades stirring, and then you see the bodies. Or rather, the pieces of bodies. You can see a helmet which has melted around the skull of its wearer, and singed bits of uniformed lumps. Atop what's left of the hill, you can see the German trench. The machine gun has melted, but the sandbags aren't even singed! What happened here? **End.**

The soldiers also notice that they all have what appears to be bad sunburns, only on exposed areas (the backs of hands, necklines, maybe even only half of a face). All this

A BLINDING FLASH... AND ALL GOES WHITE


THE CAVERN
CARVED STEPS
ALTAR
MURAL 2
POWER NODE
CHAMBER OF THE DEAD
GREAT HALL
MURAL 1
HOLE UP TO DUGOUT
GUARDIAN
RUBBLE
RUBBLE-CHOKED STAIRS
ENTRY CHAMBER
EXAMPLE OF LINTEL AND POST DOORWAY

triggers a **SAN roll** for a loss of 0/1D2. As they look about, the soldiers can notice the following, each with a successful **Spot Hidden roll**:

1) There are no footprints in the devastated area, not even animal.

2) Wilhelm's .45 pistol with four rounds, still clutched in his charred hand (**SAN roll** for a loss of 0/1). A **Mechanical Repair or Pistol roll** is needed to get it functional again, and its malfunction chance is doubled.

3) All the trees have fallen outward in a circle, and the devastated area is apparently a perfect circle, some fifty yards in diameter. The center of the blast seems to have been the German trench.

4) The powdery gray soil only extends down three feet, with ordinary mud below.

5) Maddox's compass. The face is cracked, and the needle spins in lazy circles.

6) From one foot below ground on down, the German trench is completely intact, though clogged with corpses burned from the chest up.

7) The piles of debris form a pattern; a huge spiral. What's more, the debris seems to have been sucked toward the hill, as if caught in a whirlpool.

A successful **Natural History roll** indicates the forest fauna are utterly absent. The green water, while feeling oily, defies any analysis. Another **Natural History or Navigate roll** will allow the players to determine the time based on the sun's position. It's early afternoon. If necessary, an **Idea roll** confirms that the devastation is the result of no known explosive. If the players do not opt to search the enemy trench, a low rumble, followed by a plume of rising dust, will hopefully draw them over, where they will find the entrance to the cave.

## The Trench, And Something Deeper

If the German trench is searched, it is found to be a simple line position with one deeper dugout. In the tangle of bodies, the players can find six grenades, two working rifles, and fifty rounds of ammunition. The wooden steps into the dugout creak ominously, as do the supports overhead. The cramped dugout room holds a desk, some crates, and a large pile covered with a sheet.

The desk top has some papers atop it, all written in German. If deciphered (requiring 20 minutes and a successful **German roll**), they are found to be orders and dispatches of a routine nature, except for endemic reports of extreme fatigue and several regarding a strange wasting sickness that has killed several men in their sleep and plagues the area. The crates contain food—rather dismal canned stuff that smells pretty horrible. If the sheet is moved, beneath it are found a pile of six dead Germans, lying there in uniform! **SAN rolls** are required, for a loss of 0/1D3. The corpses all have a grayish color to their skin and ominous dark patches under their eyes and at their jaw lines. A successful **Medicine roll** allows a more thorough examination. The musculature shows a strange emaciation although there are no signs of of extreme malnutrition. The outer epidermis is dry and flaky, leaving a dark dust on the examiner's hands. Also, even though the bodies are several days dead, the oldest at least a week, there are no signs of any decomposition. The cause of death is unknown; no disease or poison or gas can account for the bodies' eerie condition.

As the group moves to leave, they hear a low rumble, and a large section of the floor suddenly collapses, kicking up a cloud of dust. Have each player make a **Luck roll**. Failure means a fall into the unknown deeps for 1D6 points of damage, although a successful **Jump roll** will halve that damage. Falling characters find themselves resting on a heap of rubble in a pitch-black, echoing chamber. Lanterns from the dugout can easily be lowered down, revealing the ancient chamber.

## The Cave

The ancient temple complex consists of one great chamber divided in half, two smaller adjoining chambers, and an entryway to the caverns of the lloigor. All are walled with huge megaliths which hold back the surrounding earth. At ceiling level, flat stones are laid in ever-tightening rings, forming a crude dome that is actually a triumph of engineering. The floors are of bedrock, stark white and rough for the most part, with some areas having been worked smooth. Trying to run in lantern light requires a **DEX x3 roll**, or the player trips, taking a point of damage.

Dust covers everything. Patches of dried mud can be found here and there on the floors. There is no light at all, and the stone walls make the slightest noise seem deafening in the utter stillness. The air is stale, and the sheer weight and mass of the stones around and overhead give a trapped, claustrophobic feel to the cave. There is a distinct draft, moving from the players' entrance into the great caverns. In addition, this place is crawling with lloigor; each soldier needs a **Luck roll** once for every ten minutes spent in the complex. Success means he has a strange feeling of being watched. Shadows seem to move on their own, and faint whispers can almost be heard. Feelings of dread and evil wash over the soldiers, necessitating also a SAN roll for each ten minutes in the cave, failure costing one point. The lloigor will eventually tire of the intruders and drive them away, as described in "The Attack", on page 21.

For a complete map see the facing page.

### ENTRY CHAMBER

This room is choked with rubble, at least half the room consumed by a massive heap of tumbled boulders and mud that seem to be the remains of half the room's ceiling. The hole the players enter through is near one wall. The walls are megaliths, arranged in line and leaning on

each other for support. A narrow, squared stone archway leads into some kind of vast chamber beyond.

A successful **Archaeology roll** allows a player to identify the stones as megaliths, likely erected during the height of the stone-raisers' civilization some five thousand years ago. The architecture seems similar to some stone structures found in Malta and Spain. While there are stone circles in northern France, no evidences of megalithic cultures have ever been found this far inland.

## THE GREAT HALL

Lantern light barely illuminates this huge chamber, leaving several alcoves as wavering pools of shadow. The roof overhead is an impressive dome of flat stones. A successful **Spot Hidden roll** will detect that the far wall does not meet the roof, implying the existence of a chamber beyond (the doorway to the Chamber of the Dead in the alcove is not immediately visible to the players). Another alcove lies bathed in shadow (see The Guardian), while three exits present themselves; A wide, pillar flanked doorway (to The Cavern), a small, square portal carved through the center of one massive stone, two feet off the ground and looking more like a window (The Power Node), and a narrow way directly across from the large exit (Rubble-Choked Stairs).

Strange symbols cover one nearby stone, and what looks like an altar seems to be set into an alcove. A **Spot Hidden roll** will discern that what looked like a small stone is actually the figure of a man seated before the altar! A definite draft is felt here, blowing into the ominous main exit. There are no tracks or footprints in the copious dust, none whatsoever. Another **Archaeology roll** now confirms the place as megalithic, although the remarkable roof dome is unlike anything reported elsewhere. The evidence of more advanced engineering techniques, coupled with the cave's location, make this place a singular find.

***Mural One:*** Show *Player's Handout #2*. This mural, when examined with the Archaeology skill, seems like other megalithic carvings, but much more complex. The X's at top are thought to perhaps be star symbols. The swirls and spirals are a mystery, perhaps a comet or meteor shower. The zigzag lines perhaps represent serpents or lightning. The most extraordinary feature are the human figures, absent in all other megalithic art, apparently worshiping the spirals (the spirals, of course, are the star-born lloigor). A successful **Astronomy roll** made at half skill will allow a player to recognize the pattern of X's—they do indeed appear to be stars, showing parts of Pegasus, Perseus, the Pleiades, Aries, and Andromeda. The star with the spiral around it is the Andromeda nebula (M31, or the Andromeda Galaxy, the star spawns' birthplace).

***The Guardian:*** In a side alcove are the yellow, dusty bones of a human skeleton, resting on a large stone platform carved with alternating lines of spirals and zigzags. A **Medicine roll** is required for a thorough analysis of the skeleton. The skeleton is of a male, middle aged, but some rather shocking abnormalities are present. One eye socket has vanished, completely covered in a lumpy, fibrous bone growth. Similar growths can be found in the pelvis and some of the long bones of the legs, implying gross deformity. Most shocking, however, are the digits, all ten of which seen to have been stretched to twice normal length, and which end in serrated hooks or claws! Discovering these disturbing abnormalities prompts a **SAN roll** for a loss of 0/1. Trying to destroy the bones will immediately provoke "The Attack", detailed on page 21.

***Collapsed Stairs:*** A narrow alcove leads to a cramped doorway, beyond which rise a flight of stone steps going up. After only three steps, however, the roof has collapsed and the exit is blocked by huge stones.

***Mural Two:*** Show *Player's Handout #3*. A shadowed alcove, if searched, yields another mural, positioned across from a hidden doorway into another chamber. This mural is similar to the other. **Archaeology rolls** confirm the congruence of styles, but this mural has two new motifs; the huge sun symbol (or is it some kind of explosion?) and what seems to be a dragon rampant on a battle field.

***The Altar:*** Show *Player's Handout #4*. This alcove holds a large stone altar, covered in spirals, whose top still shows traces of an ominous dark brown stain. The wall behind shows a massive carving of some hideous beast (Ghatanathoa), flanked by the spirals and inflicting punishments on mortals, painted onto the stone in fading pigment. The disturbing frieze prompts a **SAN roll** for a loss of 0/1, but far more disturbing is the mummified husk seated before the altar, a wizened shell of a man with brown, cracked, leathery skin drawn tight over his skeleton, arms raised as if fending off something. The pate has lost its hair, but the face is frozen in a scream of primal fear, the horrified, bright blue eyes wide open! The mummy's hideous visage prompts a **SAN roll** for a loss of 1/1D4.

The dry, leathery skin is unlike any other mummified flesh an examining doctor has ever heard of. The limbs are stiff, and actually snap if force is applied to move them, revealing dry, pithy flesh inside which crumbles to dust if touched. As the soldiers move about, the thing's eyes suddenly move to stare at one soldier, giving him quite a shock (**SAN roll**, for a cost of 1/1D3). The mummy is the husk of an ancient priest who, after years of tantric meditation, was finally granted a vision of Ghatanathoa, a vision that sealed his doom. The mummy is surprisingly heavy to lift, and soon falls apart if transported. A blow to the head will shatter the face, and send a glistening gray brain sliding out of the skull to plop on the floor in a pool of fluid! **SAN roll** required, for a loss of 1/1D4. A medicine roll will reveal that the brain was alive inside the skull, preserved in its prison and sustained for untold millennia! (**SAN roll**, for a loss of 1/1D3.) The mummy remains a disturbing and blasphemous mystery. Destroying the mummy provokes "The Attack", detailed on page 21.

## CHAMBER OF THE DEAD

The floor of this long, low room, divided from the Great Hall by a wall of standing stones, is covered in heaps of

THE ALTAR IN THE CAVE (PLAYER'S HANDOUT #4)

THE MURALS IN THE CAVE (PLAYER'S HANDOUT #2 IS ON LEFT; PLAYER'S HANDOUT #3 IS ON RIGHT)

bones. A quick examination identifies the bones as human; there are probably hundreds buried here. Further examination turns up more skeletal deformities similar to those on the bones in the Great Hall: tumor-like growths and stretched or warped bones. A number of the long bones have been sheared off as if amputated. The edges of the cuts are incredibly fine, and a **Medicine roll** will find healing scars on the surfaces, indicating the amputations occurred before death and that the subject lived a long time afterward. More and more bones are found shattered, skulls cracked in silent testimony to some great brutality. Other than the silent dead, this room holds nothing.

### THE POWER NODE

The entrance to this chamber, unlike the other arched doorways, is a square window carved straight through the heart of a huge standing stone. The huge stone is covered with zigzag lines which have been etched over every inch of its surface. With a tight squeeze, the soldiers can wriggle into the next room.

The chamber beyond has a very tall dome, almost a shaft, which extends into shadow above. Standing in the room, arranged in a triangle, are three sets of standing stones, one of which has collapsed. The megaliths are covered with spiral motifs, and most of the room's interior is inscribed with symbols, either spirals or the zigzagging lines. As the players move about the room, they begin to note an odd, tingling sensation like pins and needles in their extremities. Their hair slowly begins to stand on end, their bodies covered in goose bumps. Also, all metallic gear the soldiers have is found to have become magnetized.

This is the power nexus of the lloigor, focused by the stones. The room poses no danger unless one of the standing stones is touched. Touching one sends a jolt of power through the soldier and flings him back for **1D3 points of damage**. Furthermore, the stone will drain **one** point of **POW** from a soldier per contact. Touching or threatening the stones in any way will instantly provoke "The Attack", detailed below.

### THE CAVERN

After passing under the great megalith lintel, the passage is found to be the mouth of a cave which slants sharply down into the earth. Stone steps of incredible age and wear go down into the darkness. Dust, stones, and the occasional bone lie on the steps. If the soldiers try to go down, they provoke The Attack, below, led by another Guardian rising from below with statistics identical to the one above. Note that the upper guardian will also animate, giving the soldiers two skeletons to face.

## The Attack

Once the soldiers have overstayed their welcome by doing any of the above specified actions or remaining in the temple for twenty minutes, the lloigor attack. First, a group of lloigor create a telekinetic whirlwind around the soldiers, a vortex of flying dust and stones. All characters take one point of damage from flying debris, and also feel unseen forces tugging at their belts, helmets, and straps. Shirts unbutton, backpacks open, guns jam, and clips fall out of rifles. Feeling the unseen hands triggers a **SAN roll**, with a cost of 0/1D2. All skills suffer a penalty of -20% while the soldier is caught in the whirlwind. Also, each character must make two Luck rolls each round; the first to keep from being blinded by the dust, and the second to keep hold of their clothes and gear. Players failing the second roll suffer some annoyance; jammed guns, missing gear, etc. Be creative. Also, the soldiers feel a definite, alien presence enter their minds. Feelings of doom and despair wash over them. A sickly, greenish light shines out of the cavern mouth. Finally, most terribly, the bones on the stone bier rise, and the animated skeleton becomes the temple's fearsome guardian. The skeleton rushes forward and attacks with its bony claws.

If the characters do not flee, the telekinetic attacks get rougher; soldiers are shoved by a STR of 3D6 and must oppose it with their SIZ to stay standing. If anyone has a pistol, the lloigor snatch it away and it hovers in mid air, turns and begins to fire. The players should run for all they're worth, or they're surely doomed. If the Guardian is destroyed, the lloigor will animate another from the Chamber of the dead, where three hundred skeletons lie, eager to serve.

**THE GUARDIAN, animated servitor**

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| STR 11 | SIZ 13 | INT 22 | POW 19 |
| DEX 10 | | | HP special |

**Weapons:** Claws x2 50%, damage 1D4 each

**Armor:** The skeleton does not suffer normal damage, although any successful hit has a percentage chance of destroying the skeleton completely, equal to the number of points of damage x4%. Impaling weapons (and bullets) only do damage x2%.

**Sanity Loss:** 1/1D6 SAN.

Escape is a relatively easy matter. If the soldiers haven't secured a rope or other means in the entry chamber, a successful Climb roll will carry them out of the hellish place. As they flee the dugout, the earth begins to tremble, and an eerie howl sounds from the deeps. The German trench collapses in on itself, burying the entrance forever. As the dust clears, a chill rain begins to fall, washing away the gray ash. The soldiers are back in the reality of the Argonne, cold, hungry, and tired.

# Interlude: The Argonne

Afternoon is draining away, and the weather is getting worse. The soldiers may figure out that the best thing for them to do is to get back to Whittlesey and the rest of the battalion. Just where, however, are they? With the sky obscured by clouds, all hopes of pinpointing direction are pretty slim. A successful **Navigate roll** will allow a soldier to make a fair guess of where the pocket is. No matter

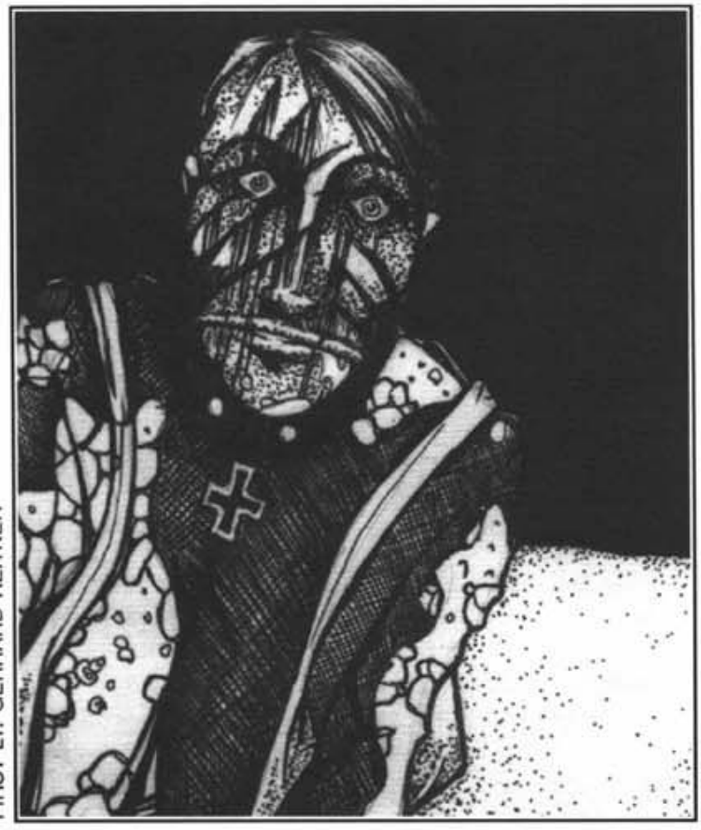
which way they head, though, they are soon hopelessly lost.

The hike back is grueling. Being able to see where you're going is of little help. Ravines slash across the group's path, making for huge delays as side tracks are sought out. The time is 2:00 p.m. when the soldiers emerge from the temple. Every hour the soldiers hike, have each make a **DEX x3 roll**, failure landing them with one point of damage from a short fall, twisted ankle, etc. Every soldier needs a successful **CON x5 roll** or he becomes fatigued, reducing his skill rolls by 20% until he can rest for a few hours. The cold and damp also takes its toll; everyone begins to sniffle and cough.

This phase of the adventure is fairly free-form, a linear string of encounters designed to heighten the mystery and convince the soldiers that something very odd is going on in the Argonne forest. By nightfall, the soldiers should arrive in the Village of the Damned, on the facing page, the climactic encounter of the round. In the meantime, for five hours the soldiers should bumble into the following encounters, one every hour and a half or so.

## The Madman

While the soldiers are taking a brief rest, have each make a **Listen roll.** Success indicates that they hear something—what might be someone hiding in the brush off to their right. If the soldiers call out or approach the bushes, they hear a frightened scream and a man leaps up and runs away in terror. Shooting at the thicket before the man reveals himself is resolved at half skill (penalty for an invisible target). Fire will also spook the man into fleeing. A Spot Hidden roll will allow a soldier to notice that the man is wearing a German uniform, but is unarmed. If mortally wounded by gunfire while running or hiding, the soldier stays alive long enough to groan "*Gott hilf mir . . . die Toten . . . die Toten,*" translated with a successful **German roll** as "God help me . . . the dead . . . the dead." The running man will not respond to any orders to halt or stop, and must be wrestled bodily to the ground. If caught and taken prisoner, the man screams uncontrollably and tries to resist. If questioned in his mother tongue, he proves much more talkative.



FIRST LT. GERHARD REITNER

The man is Gerhard Reitner, a lieutenant in the German army. His regimental patches (or flashes, as they were then called) identify him as belonging to the same regiment as the characters faced in the battle earlier, but he belongs to a different company. His uniform is covered in mud and bloodstained from a wound in his left shoulder. A **First Aid roll** allows a soldier to note that the pattern of cuts indicate that the man was clawed, and with five fingers (**SAN roll**, for a loss of 0/1). Gerhard's unit was attacked about a day ago by soldiers who could not be killed. After fighting desperately in close quarters, he realized that his attackers were animated corpses, risen from the dead and extracting hellish vengeance on the living! The man's mind snapped, and he fled in terror.

If spoken to in German, he becomes more lucid, mistaking his questioner for a German officer. He tells his story, hands shaking, eyes darting about madly. Again and again he raves about the dead rising from the grave, the angry spirits of the dead seeking revenge for the terrible war. The end of the world must be at hand, surely. He tried to stop them . . . but he couldn't. His men were shot or torn apart, all his good men. They just kept coming . . . he fired and fired, but they wouldn't fall. He stabbed one, but it would not bleed!! The flesh was dead!! The dead were walking! Poor Karl, young Karl . . . Gerhard starts sobbing uncontrollably and just cries, rocking gently back and forth. Eventually, he becomes unresponsive, his wide eyes staring blankly, a catatonic casualty of war. The soldiers can try to carry him along and care for him, or may opt to put the man out of his misery. Either way, the poor soul will soon find merciful release. If dragged along, he occasionally murmurs "The dead are arisen . . . God help us."

## A Mystery

The soldiers top yet another rise and find themselves overlooking a battlefield. In the gully below, bodies lie strewn about several craters. In the center several Germans lie dead, horribly mangled. No SAN rolls are required, the battle having hardened the soldiers to the sight of corpses. Successful **Medicine or First Aid rolls** indicate several causes of death; most died by gunshot, but some have been mauled, almost ripped apart. Successful **Spot Hidden rolls** will reveal the following:

1) There are no bayonet wounds in evidence, and most of the dead have severe injuries like broken bones. None seem to have been shot only once; all have taken several mortal wounds.

2) There are American bodies lying about, and their uniforms indicate they're from company B! At last, a clue they might still be alive!

3) Judging by the pattern of the bodies, the attackers were a mixture of both Germans and Americans, while the defenders were all German.

4) There are lots of drag marks, as if someone had taken a lot of bodies away. The recent rain has obliterated the trail, however.

As a final note, if anyone asks, the regimental patches on the defending Germans are identical to Gerhardt's. These are the remains of his ill-fated squad. If anyone suggests that the mad German's tale might be true, the shocking realization prompts a **SAN roll** for a loss of 0/1. The chill air grows slightly colder.

## Creatures

As dusk draws near and the world succumbs to shadow, the terrain becomes more gentle, and the trees begin to thin somewhat. The soldiers emerge into a wide clearing, a respite from the shadows of the forest. A thin mist hugs the ground, and through its thin veil stick the grisly remains of a battle. The stench is overwhelming. Huge tangles of wire stretch here and there like some blasphemous weed, and the stiff, frozen limbs of the dead stretch skyward, as if begging for mercy.

The battlefield is days old, the stench overpowering. The grisly dead lie in heaps among the shell craters, the ravens squabbling over their remains. The dead are predominantly French, with only a few German dead scattered among them. Slowly, sounds filter through . . . the calls of the birds, and something else . . . a rustling, shifting noise. That's when the soldiers begin to see it: hints of movement in the mist, shapes huddled close to the ground, moving among the corpses, looting them. Just a few yards ahead they can see one, a bedraggled person wrestling with a stiff corpse. But then the person sits back, and the soldiers clearly see the dead, rotting corpse arm between the hunched thing's teeth! (**SAN roll**, for a loss of 1/1D3) The leprous, white creature rips and gnaws at the corpse, then sees the soldier and gives a gibbering howl! Other shapes come leaping out of the mist, hunched white creatures with canine faces, cloven hind feet and the stench of corpses on their breaths! **SAN rolls** are in order, with a penalty of 1/1D6 as the gruesome horde comes into view.

The creatures are ghouls, ten in number, out enjoying the spoils of war. They immediately attack the soldiers, unfazed by gunfire. 1D6 ghouls will reach and engage the soldiers each combat round. If the soldiers have brought Gerhart along, the ghouls grab him and eat him as the battle rages, a shocking sight costing **1/1D6 SAN**. The soldiers should, if they're smart, flee back into the forest. Lured back by the grisly banquet on the field, the ghouls break off pursuit, leaving the terrified soldiers scrambling through the hellish, haunted forest. Or, if the soldiers fight it out, the ghouls flee once four are slain. Their stats are also listed in *Keeper's Handout #2a,* p. 61.

GRISLY EATERS OF THE DEAD

**GHOULS, Grisly Feasters**

| | *#1* | *#2* | *#3* | *#4* | *#5* | *#6* | *#7** | *#8* | *#9* | *#10* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| STR | 18 | 15 | 20 | 14 | 18 | 17 | 18 | 20 | 21 | 19 |
| CON | 18 | 16 | 12 | 13 | 18 | 9 | 16 | 13 | 14 | 9 |
| SIZ | 8 | 12 | 12 | 13 | 13 | 17 | 10 | 14 | 14 | 14 |
| INT | 13 | 14 | 12 | 12 | 13 | 12 | 12 | 18 | 13 | 13 |
| POW | 10 | 10 | 15 | 14 | 10 | 17 | 9 | 13 | 14 | 12 |
| DEX | 12 | 12 | 15 | 12 | 8 | 13 | 13 | 10 | 18 | 14 |
| HP | 13 | 14 | 12 | 13 | 15 | 13 | 13 | 13 | 14 | 11 |
| DB | +D4 | +D4 | +D4 | +D4 | +D4 | +D6 | +D4 | +D6 | +D6 | +D6 |

**Weapons:** Claws x2 30%, damage 1D6 + db
Bite 30%, damage 1D6 + worry

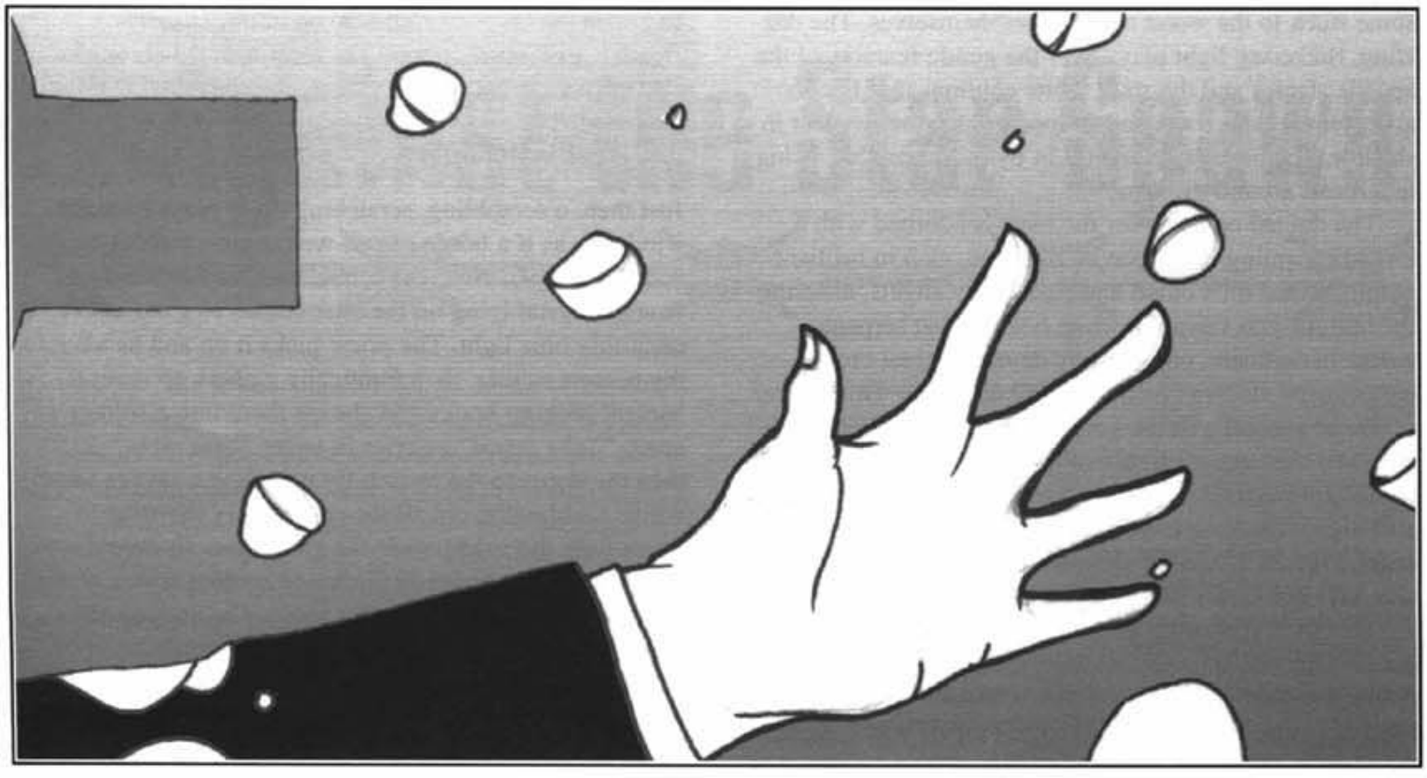
**Armor:** firearms and projectiles do half of rolled damage, rounded up.

**Skills:** Burrow 75%, Climb 85%, Hide 60%, Jump 75%, Listen 70%, Scent Decay 65%, Sneak 80%, Spot Hidden 50%.

# Finale: The Star Spawn Revealed

## Village of the Damned

After what seems an eternity of staggering through the smashed landscape of the Argonne, the soldiers top a rise and find themselves overlooking a village in the gentle valley below. Neat, regimented fields and the long rows of skeletal orchards surround the place, dimly lit by the last



light of the feeble sun. A small cluster of perhaps twenty buildings, the spire of a steeple stands out at the center. The buildings are squat, black shapes, almost formless in the growing shadows. Not one light shines through a window, not a soul can be seen moving about, and silence reigns supreme. Even the farm animals seem to have gone. As the last of the gray light dies, the wind picks up and soon sleet is pinging off of the soldiers' helmets. The place may be dead, but at least it's shelter.

When the soldiers reach the village, they find it quite mysterious. The place doesn't look like it's taken any shelling or other damage, yet it's empty. Doors stand open, and in one or two houses moldering food still sits on plates, forgotten on kitchen tables. Then, in the darkened back rooms of the cottages, the soldiers start finding the bodies. Most of them are still in their beds, while a few sit in chairs or lay sprawled in doorways. Everyone, men, women, children, even dogs and cats, are dead.

Just like the dead Germans back in the collapsed dugout, the corpses all have a grayish color to their skin and ominous dark patches under their eyes and at their jaw lines. A successful **Medicine roll** allows a more thorough examination. The musculature again shows a strange emaciation, although there are no signs of malnutrition. The outer epidermis is dry and flaky, leaving a dark dust on the examiner's hands. Also, there are no signs of any decomposition. The cause of death is unknown; no disease or poison or gas can account for the bodies' eerie condition. The strange stillness of the village, coupled with the knowledge that dead eyes stare out at them from every window, prompts a **SAN roll** for the soldiers with a penalty of 0/1. If more cottages are searched, a general pattern can be noticed after five cottages are examined and three **Idea rolls** are made. Most of the dead are in bed, as if sleeping or ill, while the rest are usually seated, most by windows or in doorways. The seated dead almost all have rosaries, or bibles clutched in their dead hands. Some have pitchforks or knives resting by them, as if they were waiting for something.

While out in the cobbled street that runs the length of the village, each soldier should make a **Spot Hidden roll**. Success mean that he notices that a faint light is visible under the doors of the church.

### THE CHURCH

The church at the center of the village is immensely old, a **History or Archaeology roll** placing the architecture in the late Middle Ages. The windows lining both sides have been hastily boarded over, and the roof and steeple look in poor repair, as if ravaged by storms. On either side of the great doors are weathered statues, gothic style figures in armor, sword in hand, right feet resting on the severed heads of what look like giant snakes. **History rolls at a penalty of 20** identify them as Michael and George, the dragon-slaying saints. Gargoyles leer down from the corners of the building, reptilian fiends encrusted with sleet. Rows of diminutive saints with cracked and weathered faces peer down from the shadows, their stone gazes almost tangible. A successful **Listen roll** can make out sounds inside—what might be the murmuring of a single voice. The ornate doors will not open. If the soldiers knock at the doors, the voice inside cries out, then starts shouting frantically, the words lost through the thick wood. The old oaken doors do not budge at first, requiring a **STR x5 roll** to open. As the old doors give, a startling sight greets the soldiers.

Inside, the chapel rises to delicate vaulting high overhead, leaving the roof bathed in shadow. Candles adorn every pew, hundreds of them, some in ornate stands and

some stuck to the wood of the pews themselves. The dazzling, flickering light plays over the gentle features of the apostle statues and the stark white columns that line the aisle, leaving the walls and stained glass windows lost in shadow. The nave is brilliantly lit by more candles, rising in a forest around the altar.

The domed ceiling over the nave is adorned with a brilliant painting of the Savior as judge, clad in brilliant purple, seated on a cloud and flanked by angels, ushering the faithful into salvation while below great serpents writhe in darkness, consoled by devils. A great cross hangs suspended on chains over the altar, the white figure of Christ gleaming in the golden light. At the altar the soldiers see the haggard figure of a priest, dressed in full regalia for mass. He gestures frantically for them to enter, and begins shouting in French. Anyone with a **French score over 20%** can follow most of his words. "Come in! Quickly! For God's sake, close the doors!"

The priest rushes up to the soldiers, shutting the great doors if they do not. As the doors close, the soldiers notice the doors were barred with a chain of what looks like lead, now broken. Also, a large blob of wax covered the seam in the doors, stamped with a strange symbol that a successful **Occult roll** can identify as having been a ward or barrier of some kind. The wax seal is now broken. The priest is a haggard mess, drenched in sweat, his frail hands trembling. Stubble shrouds his chin, and there are black marks under his eyes. His eyes dart about randomly like a madman's. The old man starts at the slightest noise, whirling about to stare into the shadows, frantically searching for some unseen nemesis. The priest ushers the soldiers back into the nave, and as they go the soldiers notice, with a successful **Spot Hidden roll**, that the symbol from the doors is carved here and there through out the church, either pressed in wax or crudely scratched into the wood.

The priest, Gaspard Laroux, has languished here for days as his village died around him. Too late did he discover the secret of the wasting plague in the church's ancient records, but he was able to save himself. He launches into a long, confused ramble, praising the soldiers as Americans, telling them that judgment is at hand, demons have risen from the earth, and above all *not to sleep*. The man wanders about, seizing on scattered themes, then jabbering incoherently.

**Aloud:** it is the war that called them, all the suffering that broke the seals and woke the sleeping furies. While men sleep they steal their souls, condemning them to a horrible death. Soon the very dead shall rise, and the servants of Lucifer shall work great evil. **End.**

The priest grows agitated, then builds to a raving climax.

**Aloud:** the servants of darkness are on the move! As they tried before, they will try to call the Beast unto the Earth, and open the Gates of Hell here on Earth. *Libera nos Domine, ex diaboli inferni!* The records in the chronicles of old, the verses that will defy them, the chant that will banish the Fiend! The soldiers must go stop them, before all good men perish in damnation . . . What was that? **End.**

Just then, a scrabbling, scratching noise plays over the windows, as if a horde of rats were running about on the walls and roof. "No!" the priest cries, and suddenly a strange crystal lying on the altar begins to glow with an unearthly blue light. The priest picks it up and hands it to the nearest soldier, then frantically gathers up several ancient-looking books and shoves them into a soldier's arms. "Take them!" he cries in terror, "you must." Right then the doors to the church fly open and a savage wind whips in, blowing out all the candles. By the strange, green light the soldiers see the great pews fly into the air, two by two, shattering in midair or landing with a deafening crash. Then all hell breaks loose. The stained glass windows shatter, filling the room with flying shards of glass. A whirlwind roars to life, sending boards, candles, and glass screaming around the soldier and the priest. All characters take **1D3 of incidental damage** from flying debris, and need successful **DEX x3 rolls** to perform any action. The ghastly scene is lit in the eerie light of the pulsating blue gem. Any communication is impossible over the howl of the wind. The terrible sight prompts a **SAN roll**, for a loss of 0/1D3.

The priest cries out something, and a new sound reaches the soldiers' ears, a hellish scream of metal. Looking up, they can see the great cross swinging on its chains, as if straining against them. Just then, the cross snaps free, hovers for a second, then flies through the air, impaling the hapless priest through his back, the bottom emerging in a gory spray from his chest! (**SAN roll**, for a loss of 1/1D3). The instant the cross hits, all of the debris falls to the floor with a deafening crash, leaving the church utterly still save for the dying gasps of the priest, who falls to his knees, vomits a gout of blood, then dies.

As the priest hits the floor, the soldiers feel an odd sensation. A low hum, almost too low to be heard, resonates through them and their bodies tingle. Their hair stands on end. After a few seconds, bright, swirling patterns appear before their eyes. The lloigor are building up another energy vortex, so the soldiers must run *now*. Leaping through a shattered window is the most direct route, requiring a successful **Jump roll** to avoid taking a point of damage. The hum grows louder and louder, and as the soldiers sprint away into the night, suddenly the dark is filled with a blinding flash and the soldiers are lifted off of their feet and pulled back toward the church as if sucked in. They land in a heap as a deep rumble subsides, a sound no louder than distant thunder. Where the church once stood, only a patched of ruined, steaming, grayish ash remains. The green light of the jewel fades, leaving the soldiers alone in the numbing darkness. ■

# Part Two
# Against the Star Spawn

In this part, the soldiers learn the true nature of the evil forces at work among the shadows of the hellish battlefields of the Argonne Forest, and must escape from the depraved minions of the Iloigor, who have created an army of zombies to clear away the valley of the Black Stone. That valley is the same place where the soldiers' home unit, the Lost Battalion under Charles Whittlesey, is fighting for its very life. The soldiers must race back to their unit, help hold off the zombies, and then stop the Iloigor's cult from unleashing untold devastation on all the world.

## Keeper's Information

### THE TRANSITION: RUNNING THE SCENARIO

When this scenario was originally run for the Cthulhu Masters' Tournament, the number of players was cut from six to four between the preliminary rounds and the semis. Anthony Parks, William Grimm, Richard McNalley, and James Mason III were the only characters eligible for selection in Part II. Emmett Ryan and Earl Martin became keeper characters marked for death. Their death scenes are preserved in the text that follows, but keepers running this adventure can, for their own purposes, disregard them if they wish. Also, please note that players were forbidden from choosing the same character that they played in the preliminary round. Outside of a competitive tournament, this requirement is also unnecessary.

As the scenario rushes to its conclusion, keepers are advised to turn up the pressure as much as they can. This is it; whereas the keeper should not have killed any of the soldiers in Part 1, no kid gloves are needed here. The star spawn play for keeps. Players whose soldiers are slain can generate replacements using the guidelines in the introduction, and have their new characters rejoin the group when they return to the pocket.

### FLOW OF THE SCENARIO

Play begins in the Village of the Dead, from which the soldiers will flee into the forests, eventually encountering the Iloigor cultists in "The Kindness of Strangers." At the refugee camp the cultists spring their trap, resulting in The Chase, which will run them straight into the Army of Darkness. The reading of the priest's ancient tome, the *Chronicle*, its revelations, and Martin's Story do not occur at a specific time. These encounters are played out whenever the players stop and read the book.

After encountering the Army of Darkness, the soldiers should have been able to piece together enough information to find their way back to their luckless outfit, whose state is revealed in "Who Goes There?" After reporting in, the soldiers will play an active part in "The Battle" until they notice the disguised cultists sneaking into a hidden cavern. Pursuing them brings the soldiers face to face with the Iloigor, the ritual, and the cult, against whom the soldiers will wage "The Final Battle." The fate of the world lies in their hands. Luck, an automatic rifle, and an ancient ritual might just save them.

### THE BOOK AND THE GEM

The two items thrust into the soldiers' hands by the doomed priest at the end of Part I bear some explanation. The Gem is a faceted hunk of crystal. A successful **Geology roll** identifies it as a variety of quartz, one that shouldn't be found in this part of the continent. The jewel was brought to the abbey of old by a Catholic inquisitor, who gained it during his long travels. The crystal is enchanted so that the mental energy patterns of the Iloigor set up resonances in its structure and cause it to glow with an eerie blue light. Functioning as an ersatz "Iloigor detector," the jewel's periodic emanations should serve to heighten the drama during certain encounters.

The tome is a great leather-bound book with several bookmarks sticking out of it. Its title is barely readable as *La Chronique de l'abbaye de St-Michel*. It contains an account of the history of the abbey (which has since become the simple church in the sleepy Argonne village). The various sections of it, penned by abbot after abbot, are in various dialects of Latin or French. Most of the book is rather ordinary, but Father Laroux has painstakingly found five scattered accounts of the nefarious activities of the Iloigor worshipers. Each time the French countryside was ravaged by war, the negativity drew the star spawn, who tried to summon Ghatanathoa but failed every time. This time may be different. The marked passages will not only show the soldiers the way home to their unit, but will also give them a counter-chant that will break the summoning of Ghatanathoa.

See "The Chronicle", below, for full information on what happens when the soldiers read the book, including references to handouts.

Where we left off, the soldiers had just escaped the destruction of the church, and were stranded in the cold October night . . . .

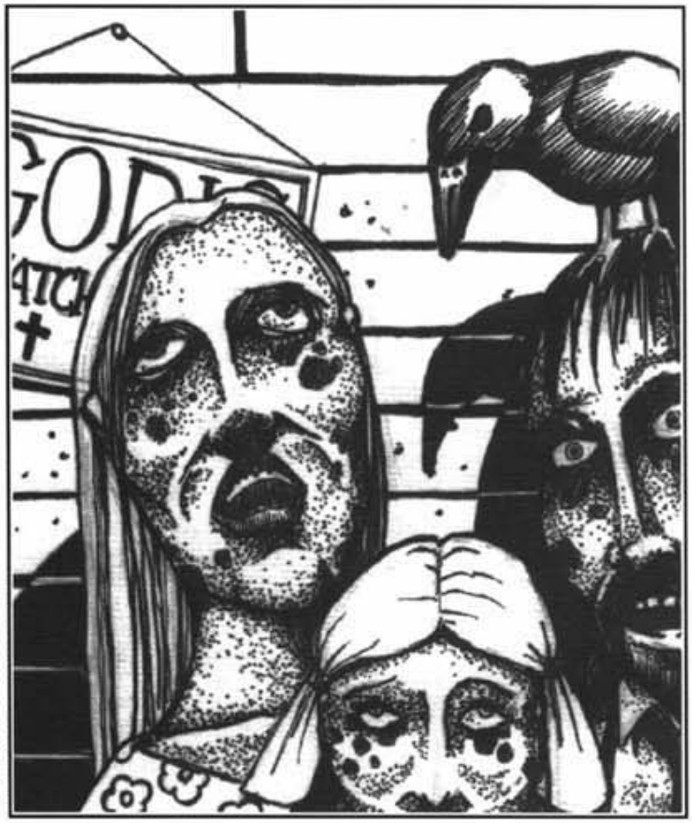
# Entre'act: Return to the Argonne

## VILLAGE OF THE DEAD

Read the following to the players:

**Aloud:** You pick yourself up off the cold, muddy ground as the wind subsides. Looking behind you, you see that the church is gone. Not a stone remains, nothing but a heap of what looks like molten glass and dry, flaky ash. A few pools of greenish liquid bubble and steam among the heaps, glowing slightly. The whole scene is lit in the eerie blue light emanating from the crystal the old priest gave you. All around you stand the silent buildings of the village. You can almost feel the eyes of the dead, following your every move. A strange feeling overcomes you, a strange dread born in the pit of your stomach that floods your head and bears down on you like a weight, some massive presence that seems as if it's trying to bore through your temples. What do you do? **End.**

If the soldiers stay in the village of the damned they discover, if they have not already, that the village is full of ghastly corpses. See the finale of Part 1 for details. As the lloigor swim around and through the soldiers, the weight of their presence begins to intrude upon their minds. Each player must make a **Luck roll**. Success means the soldier is overcome with a strong feeling that he's being watched.



VILLAGE OF THE DEAD

Shadows seem to move on their own at the edges of the soldier's vision, and faint whispers can almost be heard. Feelings of vague dread and despair wash over the soldiers. Each ten minutes spent in the village necessitates a **SAN roll**, failure costing one point.

Earl Martin is particularly affected. He becomes visibly agitated; always looking sharply into the shadows or behind him. "Don't you hear them?" he asks finally. "They're whispering . . . ." Each player must make a **POW x3 roll** at this time. Success means that the soldier hears a faint whispering, like a chorus of many voices, somewhere behind him. The words are too faint to make out, but with a shock the soldier realizes that the voices are not human! A **SAN roll** is required, for a cost of 0/1. Earl becomes terrified, and demands the squad leave with utmost haste. Staying the night is a sure ticket to madness, as the soldiers are gradually consumed by the lloigor's negativity and slip into suicidal mania.

Once the players leave, they are consumed once again by the shadows of the Argonne. After they've gone about a hundred yards, the glow in the crystal fades, and with it the feelings of foreboding. Bumbling about in the dark is potentially dangerous—besides, the soldiers are exhausted. Each is carrying fifty to seventy pounds of gear, and their overcoats are holding another thirty pounds of water and mud. The soldiers need a **CON roll** every half hour, starting at x5, the multiplier decreasing by one each roll, or collapse from the strain. A successful **Natural History roll** will allow a soldier to find a gully that might serve as a campsite. A successful **DEX x3 roll** would allow a character to get a small fire started, and a successful **Conceal roll** can keep the light hidden.

Huddled together for warmth, the soldiers can get some much needed rest. Perhaps they take this opportunity to peruse the *Chronicle*. The soldiers can grab forty winks, but may try to resist the tug of sleep if they remember the words of the dead priest. To stay awake, a soldier needs a **CON xl roll**, but thereafter all skill rolls will be halved from extreme fatigue. Soldiers who sleep are haunted by the ripples left in their subconsciouses by the lloigor, and experience terrible nightmares, something about snakes and death. The lloigor will also drain sleepers of **3D6 magic points** (but will not bring a soldier down to zero), resulting in a headache and fatigue upon awakening. In addition, any soldier not getting a **CON x3 roll** is coming down with something. He is coughing, sneezing, or running a slight fever. As the next day dawns, shrouded in thick fog, the soldiers will likely head back to their unit, proceeding to "The Kindness of Strangers", below.

## THE CHRONICLE

It takes no effort to find the marked passages in the great chronicle. Deciphering them, however, is tricky. A successful roll in the appropriate language is needed to read each page. Hand out the contents (*Player's Handouts #5-7*) as they are deciphered; #5 is an account from the fifth century AD, in **Latin**, and #6 is also in **Latin**, a quote from *The Necronomicon*. Later marked passages, from the fourteenth

CULTISTS OF THE LLOIGOR

century and the Napoleonic era, describe similar incidences of the strange sickness and the rise in witchcraft around the area, whenever a war consumes the land. These are summarized in #7, and together require one **French roll**.

The revelations in the tome require a **SAN roll** for a cost of 1/1D6 as the identity of the evil powers at work sinks in.

Martin should be troubled by the book's contents. If he is being played as a keeper character, read *Player's Handout #8a* aloud; otherwise give Martin's player *Player's Handout #8b*. These further secrets prompt another **SAN roll** for a cost of 0/1D2, for all soldiers but Martin.

Armed with a little knowledge, the soldiers now have a mission; beyond just linking up with their unit, they now must thwart the best laid plans of the lloigor and avert a cataclysm!

# The Kindness of Strangers

## *October 4, 1918*

### Refugees And Darker Things

The soldiers hike on into the afternoon when they hear noises up ahead: voices in the distance. Successful **Sneak rolls** allow them to creep through the wood unnoticed, coming to a strange scene. In a ravaged clearing stand about ten people, dressed in motley fur tunics and worn, patched clothing. Their faces are worn with care, creased deep with hardship, and gaunt from hunger. The men, unarmed, are in the process of clearing away several corpses that seem to have fallen in an ambush. Several of the raggedy folk stand apart, gazing intently into the fog.

If approached openly, the men will welcome the soldiers, declaring in halted, broken English their joy at seeing Americans. If the soldiers hide, one of the scouts will spot them and shout an alarm, and the group will start moaning in terror and raise their hands in surrender, changing their tune if the soldiers stand forth. If asked what they are doing, the leader tries to explain that the dead must be buried, and that the German butchers seem to have no regard for the welfare of the dead or the living. At this point, have each soldier make a **Listen roll**. Success indicates that he overhears snatches of conversation between several of the strangers. They're speaking French, but he cannot understand the dialect. If questioned, the men say that they are hapless farmers who have dwelt here in this forest for generations, and who refuse to leave despite the ravages of war.

The refugees will look the soldiers over and invite them back to their camp, offering them hot food. "You look so cold and hungry . . . we will make for you good food. Come, come." The leader will be quite insistent. Since the soldiers have run out of food and are going without any breakfast, they should welcome the offer. The rag-

tag band proceeds into the foggy woods. **Spot Hidden rolls** will allow soldiers to notice that some of their new companions are armed with Mauser automatic pistols, and that one or two also have German bayonets. If confronted, the refugees feign innocence, saying that the weapons were taken from the dead, and that only a fool would walk about in these times unarmed. The strangers should win the soldiers over. Play them up as innocent and harmless.

On the way through the forest, the men explain that their village was seized by the butcher Germans (all spit on the ground for emphasis) some months ago. Many were killed, and all their food and livestock were taken. The poor villagers wandered the forest, scrounging whatever they could to survive. They have seen great battles and heard tell of worse atrocities, and have since learned that their village was leveled in heavy fighting. The poor folk don't care, happy in the knowledge that those butcher Germans (spit) were driven out. The refugees ask naïve questions about America, and soon the soldiers arrive at their camp, a sordid collection of tents and a few wagons in a secluded ravine. Women and children bustle through the clearing, and a few thin dogs slink about. The children run and hide at the sight of the soldiers, and the men look nervous, agitated. The smell of cooking is strong in the air.

A talkative refugee, a likable fellow named Philippe, invites the soldiers over to his tent. "Wait in here," he says, "I will see to a suitable welcome for you." A few yards away, a homely old woman stands outside her tent, sharpening a butcher knife and staring silently, chillingly at the soldiers. Philippe shows the soldiers in, then steps out again.

The interior of the tent is horribly cluttered, the clothes and personal possessions of an entire family heaped about at random. As the soldiers sit down, ask for **Listen rolls**. Success indicates that the soldier notices that the camp has grown quiet, ominously so. Then, ask for **Spot Hidden rolls**. Success means that the soldier spots something out of place among the clothing . . . an American issue greatcoat! It's darkly stained (with blood, as a **Medicine, First Aid, or Spot Hidden roll** can verify), and the patches show it to be the 308th Regiment, Company D! Just then, the crystal begins to glow with its sickly light, shining visibly even through a pocket. The depraved servants of the lloigor are about to acquire more cadavers for their zombie army.

If the soldiers do nothing, Cultists 1-8 burst into the tent and attack. If the soldiers rush outside, they find the mob has them surrounded! A vicious combat ensues. Be sure to tell the soldiers that there are about twenty degenerates surrounding them, and that several of them are armed. Once again, the soldiers should run. As an added incentive, on DEX rank 10 of round one, the lloigor attack as well, casting a Death Spell worth 17 magic points at one of the soldiers (see nearby box; in tournament play, this scene marked the demise of Emmett Ryan). Tendrils of smoke rise from the victim's uniform, and his hair stands straight up. Then, in front of the soldiers' eyes, the man bursts into flames, screaming horribly as he dies (**SAN check**, for a penalty of 1/1D6+1). Anyone going temporarily insane flees screaming into the forest. If this doesn't scare the soldiers off, the lloigor keep up their telekinetic attack, jamming all of the soldiers' weapons on round three. Brave yet stupid soldiers should get cut down by the cult's overwhelming numbers. Lots of automatic fire could take down a bunch of the enemy, but any gratuitous BAR spraying will also automatically catch some women and children. The deaths of these "innocents" prompt **SAN rolls** (even for old Grimm) costing 0/1D3. Ideally, the soldiers should burst through the line of refugees and flee into the woods, starting "The Chase", which will lead them to "Army Of Darkness." The cultists' statistics are repeated in *Keeper's Handout #2*.

## Death Spell

Causes the victim to burst into flame. It costs 24 magic points and 3D10 Sanity points. The target must be within ten yards of the caster, and the caster must overcome the target's magic points with his or her own during each round of concentration. After 1D6 rounds of concentration, the victim's skin forms large blisters and he or she loses 1D3 hit points. In the next round, the victim loses 1D6 more hit points. On the third round thereafter, the victim bursts into flames, losing 1D10 hit points then and each round thereafter. The stench of burning hair and flesh is overwhelming. It is impossible to render aid, since the victim burns from the inside out. *If killing a keeper character with this spell, you don't need to worry about the specifics. Just describe a horrific death as appropriate.*

**VILLAGERS, Degenerate Servants of the Star Spawn**

| | *#1* | *#2* | *#3* | *#4* | *#5* | *#6* | *#7* | *#8* | *#9* | *#10* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| STR | 14 | 13 | 9 | 10 | 12 | 12 | 11 | 13 | 8 | 13 |
| CON | 12 | 12 | 11 | 13 | 9 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 7 | 7 |
| SIZ | 13 | 13 | 16 | 12 | 14 | 14 | 13 | 13 | 8 | 11 |
| APP | 6 | 7 | 4 | 5 | 9 | 10 | 3 | 4 | 15 | 8 |
| INT | 17 | 14 | 14 | 11 | 10 | 11 | 9 | 12 | 14 | 9 |
| POW | 8 | 9 | 10 | 10 | 9 | 6 | 7 | 3 | 14 | 7 |
| DEX | 13 | 13 | 13 | 13 | 12 | 12 | 12 | 11 | 16 | 10 |
| HP | 14 | 13 | 14 | 13 | 12 | 11 | 11 | 12 | 8 | 9 |
| DB | +D4 | +D4 | +D4 | — | +D4 | +D4 | — | — | -D4 | — |
| WP | Mau | Ptc | Mau | Mau | Ptc | Ptc | Sck | Sck | Rif | Sck |

| | *#11* | *#12* | *#13* | *#14* | *#15* | *#16* | *#17* | *#18* | *#19* | *#20* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| STR | 7 | 12 | 9 | 10 | 18 | 14 | 16 | 15 | 13 | 12 |
| CON | 5 | 10 | 11 | 10 | 18 | 10 | 13 | 10 | 12 | 14 |
| SIZ | 9 | 10 | 11 | 8 | 18 | 10 | 11 | 9 | 8 | 13 |
| APP | 9 | 8 | 6 | 9 | 6 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 6 |
| INT | 8 | 11 | 10 | 10 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 9 | 8 | 10 |
| POW | 7 | 8 | 10 | 11 | 9 | 10 | 9 | 6 | 13 | 4 |
| DEX | 10 | 13 | 13 | 12 | 11 | 12 | 17 | 16 | 15 | 13 |
| HP | 7 | 10 | 11 | 9 | 18 | 10 | 12 | 10 | 10 | 14 |
| DB | -D4 | — | — | — | +D6 | — | +D4 | — | — | +D4 |
| WP | Rif | Mau | Ptc | Ptc | Ptc | Rif | Sck | Ptc | Mau | Sck |

**Weapons:** *All.* Fist 55%, damage 1D3 + db
Kick 50%, damage 1D6 + db
Grapple (all) 45%, damage special
Fighting Knife 30%, damage 1D4 + 2 + db
*Mau.* Mauser Auto Pistol 25%, damage 1D8, 3/rnd
Club with Pistol 35%, damage 1D6 + db
*Rif.* Rifle 25%, damage 2D6 + 4, 1/2 rnd
Bayonet 20%, damage 1D4 + 2 + db
*Ptc.* Pitchfork 35%, damage 1D8 + 2 + db
*Sck.* Sickle 30%, damage 1D8 + db

**Armor:** none.

**Skills:** Climb 50%, Dodge 35%, Hide 50%, Listen 50%, Pick Pocket 15%, Sneak 40%, Throw 40%.

## The Chase

Gunshots and screams still echoing in their minds, the soldiers flee into the depths of the Argonne. Behind them, shouts ring out, with the baying of hounds. The cultists pursue! A pell-mell chase follows, a desperate scramble through tangles of trees, undergrowth, and barbed wire. As the shadows deepen into evening, torch lights spring to life behind the fleeing soldiers. As they run, the weight of their gear bogs the soldiers down. Anyone making an Idea roll will realize that they'll never keep ahead of the unladen cultists at this rate. Once excess baggage has been ditched, each player begins making **DEX x5 rolls** (if a soldier is encumbered with gear, **DEX xl**). Failure indicates the soldier has slipped and fallen; make a **Jump roll** or suffer 1 point of damage. A fumbled DEX roll indicates more serious trouble; a nasty tumble for 1D6 points or a snag in barbed wire for 1D4 points of damage. Furthermore, each success by the entire group puts the soldiers one "chase range" further ahead of the foes (begin the chase at range 2). A failing roll brings the pursuers one range closer. Consult the table following.

### CHASE TABLE

| *range* | *what happens* |
|---|---|
| 0 | **Brawl:** the cultists (numbers 10-20) swarm the soldiers and fight to the death! |
| 1 | **Close:** a 20% chance per DEX roll that a group of 1D6 cultists catches up and attacks. Fighting them for more than four rounds brings causes the remaining cultists to close to *Brawl* Range. |
| 2 | **Shots:** 1D4 pistol and 1D3 rifle shots ring out, at half skill chances (scary, but shouldn't do much more than drive them on). |
| 3 | **Far:** a 30% chance for 1 rifle or 1D2 pistol shots, which miss. Cultists and dogs are clearly heard. |
| 4 | **Very Far:** the pursuers can be faintly heard. |
| 5 | **Evasion:** the soldiers lose their pursuers. The next encounter begins. |

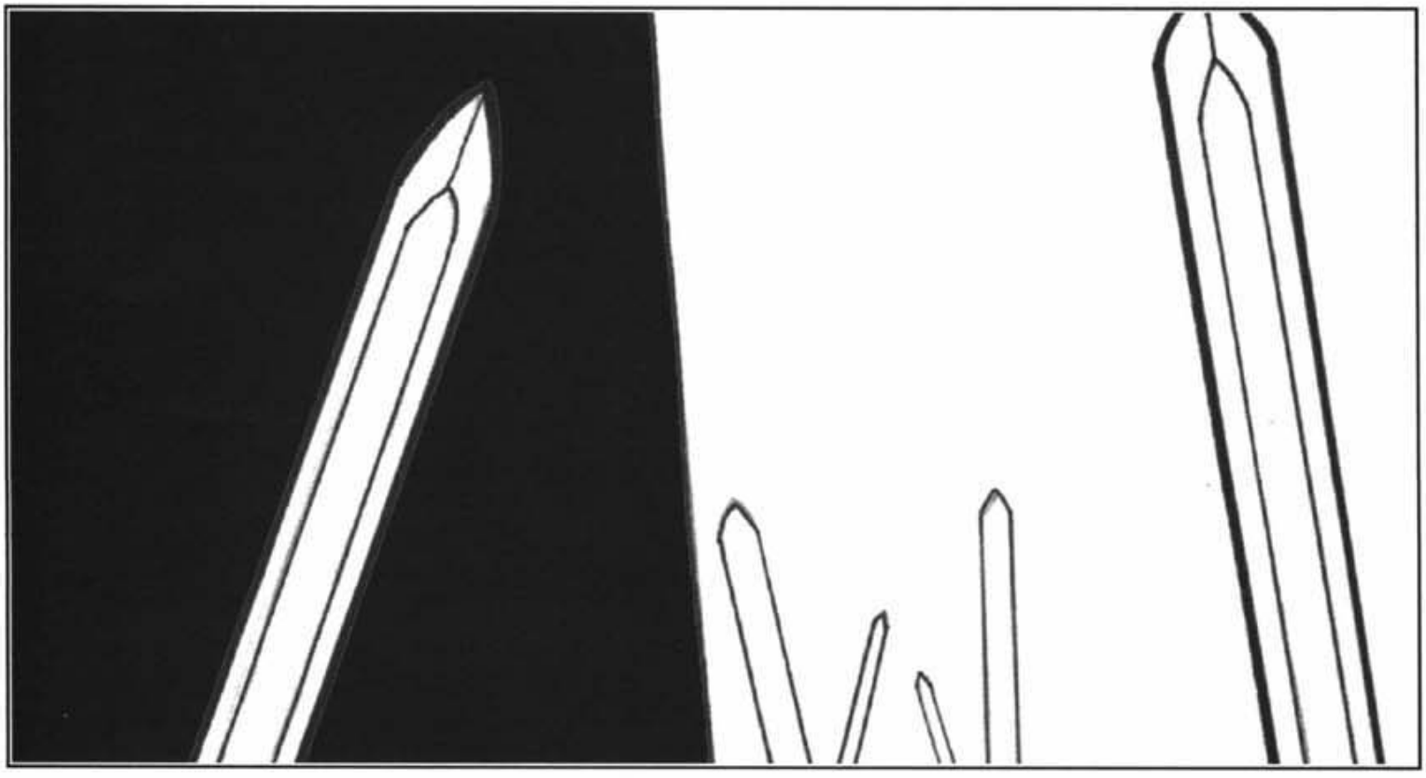
For ranges 2 and 3 the keeper should resolve a round of combat, then allow the soldiers another attempt to escape their pursuers. For ranges 0 and 1 the soldiers must finish off their pursuers before they can flee again. As is noted at range 1, the remaining cultists will swarm over the soldiers if they remain fighting for more than four rounds.

CHASE THROUGH THE WASTES

## Army of Darkness

As night deepens around the soldiers and the shouts of the cultists begin to fade in the distance, a thick fog rolls in. The exhausted soldiers slacken their pace, staggering through the wall of mist and dense trees. The color begins to seep out of everything again, paling to a world of gray and black. A slight drizzle begins to fall. As the shadows begin to consume everything, call for a Spot Hidden roll. Any soldier succeeding notices that the trees surrounding the group aren't trees at all! A closer look shows that they are *men, dead men, standing stock still at attention, gaping wounds in the chests and bellies, dead eyes locked straight ahead!* In the dim light, the corpses suddenly seem to shift, turning to embrace the soldiers! The grisly shock prompts a **SAN roll** for a penalty of 1/lD8. Anyone going temporarily insane has a moment of cosmic insight; The dead men of Gerhardt's unit were too mangled to walk—the cultists, so careful about "burying the dead," have created this nightmare army, to sweep the 308th out of the valley of the Black Stone, that stone they tripped over, so they can get to the cavern and call the beast! Anyone realizing this must make another **SAN roll** for a cost of 0/lD3. If any soldier goes temporarily insane, he sinks to his knees, shaking and babbling the information above as insane insights.

The dead men stand, hundreds of them, in neat rows at attention. Germans, Frenchman, and Americans are side by side, as if silently awaiting orders. All have rifles with fixed bayonets, but no ammunition. A successful **Spot Hidden roll** allows a soldier to find regimental patches from the 308th, companies B and D, on some Americans. The soldiers' grim mission is at last accomplished. The



missing companies have been found. Nothing the soldiers do will bring any response out of the undead horde. Zombies, if pushed, fall over only to stand again. Using guns and explosives mangles the dead a bit more, yet draws no response (the cultists, however, hear, and will resume the chase at four units away). No usable weapons can be scrounged here.

However, the soldiers can locate a map case and a compass on the zombie of a German officer. The map points the way back to the 308th if a **Navigate roll** can be made. A lone stone menhir in the middle of the field of zombies acts as a suitable landmark. As the chill deepens and night falls, the way to safety is opened. It is presumed the soldiers head for home. Only one obstacle stands in their way: the wrath of the lloigor . . . .

## Star-Spawned Vengeance

The soldiers trudge on through the deepening shadows, shivering and hungry. Periodic checks of the compass keep them on track, bound for the pocket. The mist seems to thicken, a wall of white broken here and there by trees. As the soldiers top a rise, any soldier making a **Listen roll** can pick out the faint, inhuman whisperings of the lloigor in their minds. The crystal's sickly green glow flares to life, bathing the scene in ghastly light. Vague feelings of dread wash over the group, and suddenly a horrific battle is joined. *By this time, the soldiers have regained 50% of any magic points drained the previous night.*

Three lloigor menace the group, with POWs of 16, 20, and 21. The first uses ten of its magic points to push a soldier (Earl Martin in the tournament version) down into a ravine, and then bombards the group telepathically, creating the dread and the whispers. Any soldier making a **Spot Hidden roll** will notice that he was pushed by some unseen hand (**SAN roll**, for a cost of 0/1). The second casts a Possession spell at the fallen soldier, matching its magic points against the poor soldier's, which should already be dangerously low. If the spell succeeds (in tournament play it will automatically succeed against Earl Martin, who is a keeper character), the victim will be possessed for the next twenty minutes. The victim calls up that he can't get loose from the wire at the bottom of the ravine, and cries out for help. A successful **Climb roll** allows an investigator to scramble down to him, and a soldier overcoming the stricken soldier's **SIZ with his STR on the Resistance Table** can pull him free.

As the victim and his rescuer return to the group, the third lloigor casts a Wrack spell on another random soldier. The second target must match his (drained) magic total against the lloigor's total of 18 (it lost three in the casting). The Wrack spell temporarily incapacitates a target. The victim feels as though a great hand has clutched him and is squeezing him hard. Small blisters break out on the victim's hands and face, dripping fluid and blood into his eyes and blinding him for 1D6 rounds. The spell will last three rounds, after which the target is released. The target's player **rolls** to lose 0/1D4 SAN while the rest of the players **roll** to lose 0/1 SAN. Before the spell ends, the possessed soldier acts.

"Quick, give me the book!" he shouts. "The chant may save us!" If the book is not handed to him, he attacks the bearer tooth and nail. If the soldiers give the puppet the book, he flips to the page with the chant, then an evil look blooms on his face, he tears out the page, crumples it up, and stuffs it in his mouth! A soldier must make a **DEX x3 roll** to act in time, then must make a **Grapple attack** and overcome the possessed's STR(boosted by 3 points) to

tear the page from his mouth. If this attack fails, the lloigor's puppet starts chewing, and the soldiers have one round to kill him before the page is swallowed. Piecing the page back together will require a **Latin roll at half skill**, and a successful **Luck roll**. If the page is lost, any soldier who said he had studied the chant can make an **INT x1 roll** to remember it in its entirety, **INT x2** if the player specifically stated he was memorizing it.

**POSSESSED SOLDIER, Doomed Pawn of the Spawn**

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| STR as victim, +3 | | CON as victim | SIZ as victim |
| INT 19 | POW 17 | DEX as victim, -5 | HP as victim, +3 |

**Weapons:** Fist 50%, damage 1D3 + db
Rifle Butt 20%, damage 1D8 + db
Grapple 25%, damage special (prefers strangling).

**Armor:** as victim's normal armor, but all damage taken before this encounter is ignored.

While engaged in combat or if shot and killed, the possessed soldier falls to the ground and the lloigor speaks through him; "Foolish beings," he says in a deep, inhuman voice, "Your resistance is useless. We have waited through the gulfs of time for our vengeance, and none can stop us. The Great One beneath the mountain will rise, and this world will be cleansed of your pathetic meddling species forever!" Hearing the alien voice costs listeners 1/1D3 SAN points. When the Wrack spell ends, the lloigor leave, abandoning their victim (who is likely close to death now). As he dies, blood trickling from his mouth, the victim looks up sadly at his comrades. Any last words on the player's part are likely very moving. See box, right, for sample last words from Earl Martin in the tournament.The crystal's glow fades, and darkness reigns once more.

WRACKED!

# Finale: The Final Conflict

## Home Again, Home Again

After another hour of stumbling through the darkness, the soldiers return to the pocket. After struggling through some particularly thick undergrowth, they see the faint glow of fires up ahead. Campfires! Just then, a shot rings out from the darkness ahead, narrowly missing the lead soldier. "W-who goes there?" a shaky voice calls. Once the soldiers identify themselves as Company C, 2nd platoon, the sentries approach cautiously, as if suspecting a trick. One of them recognizes Grimm, and lets out a whoop. With much handshaking and backslapping, the soldiers are welcomed home. One of the sentries, Private Harris, leads the bedraggled group to Whittlesey.

**Aloud:** The narrow valley is devastated. All of the trees have fallen, or else stand as splintered wooden skeletons, charred and black. Shell craters cover the land, leaving dunes of mud and rubble scattered about, almost as if the heaving surface of the sea during a storm was frozen in clay. Cowering among the devastation, in torn, ragged uniforms, faces lean and wild with hunger, lurk the survivors of 1st Battalion. In little groups of three or four to a foxhole, soldiers huddle around weak campfires, covered in mud, comforting the wounded. You pass more than one man who died, frozen in his sleep. No one eats; there is no food. Medical supplies ran out long ago, leaving only the comforts of the chaplain to help the wounded. Heads turn as you pass, and eyes brighten. You can almost hear the excited whispers spreading in your wake. "Are we relieved? Have they finally broken through?" A small crowd gathers, following you in rapt anticipation. A chill rain begins to fall.

Near the middle of the devastated pocket you come to a deep crater, covered with a blanket. Within, huddled around a lamp, are Whittlesey and the remains of his staff. The major's grim face looks up at you, spectacles gleaming. "Survivors of Company C, 2nd platoon, sir," says the sentry. "Good God," Whittlesey says. "Report." **End.**

Allow the soldiers to make a report. Please take into account exactly what they say. Not only will tales of the living dead and star spawn be dismissed as rubbish, but they'll get the soldiers relieved of duty as shell-shocked. Zombies notwithstanding, the soldiers ought to report that some kind of assault is imminent.

Whittlesey listens carefully to the group, then offers them some hot tea. After commending them for their valor, the major tells them the battalion's situation. Two days ago, they managed to send a request by pigeon for relief. In response, a barrage began, which inadvertently hit the

battalion, killing nearly a hundred. Sporadic German attacks have kept the men on edge, the food is used up, they're without medical supplies, people are starting to die of exposure, and about half of the battalion is dead or incapacitated. There has been no word of any relief or resupply. Yesterday, captain McMurtry issued a standing order to all company commanders. "Our mission is to hold this position at all costs. No falling back. Have this understood by every man in your command." The soldiers are asked if they understand. Whittlesey is running out of able-bodied men to command. He assigns the soldiers (particularly Grimm) to a post of the northern perimeter for guard duty. Word of the impending attack filters quickly through the pocket, and as the soldiers move to their post they are greeted by looks of grim determination and utter hopelessness as men rush to their ready positions.

## Battle

The soldiers reach their foxhole, a makeshift machine gun nest manned by three scared soldiers—privates Coleman, Kaplan, and Johnson. Some meager camping gear is set up in the shell crater, but the post's most welcome feature is the Browning machine gun, with 100 rounds of ammunition left. The men also have rifles, 15 rounds each, and one grenade. After introductions have been made, the group settles in. The three men, little more than boys, ask the soldiers questions about their ordeal as the grim waiting game begins. An hour passes, then another. Men scramble from foxhole to foxhole, whispering tensely to each other. Others pray softly to themselves, staring at photos of loved ones. Some sing half-heartedly, holding tight to memories of home. The tension grows tangible in the chill air. Then, the shots ring out.

Off to the soldiers' left, on the western perimeter, gunshots echo deafeningly. Then, off ahead in the darkened trees, more gunfire rings out, accompanied by screams. Two sentries come running out of the woods, directly at the soldiers! "Run, they're coming!" one screams, and the other wails in terror. Coleman, Kaplan, and Johnson shift nervously, terror creeping across their faces. Just then, they hear a noise behind them, and an officer jumps into their hole. "Listen up," he says. "They're all around us, and in force. Whatever you do, Hold this position. Got it? Good." With that, the man runs to the next guard post.

Gunfire rings out everywhere now, accompanied by grenade blasts. Explosions light up the battlefield, and then shapes appear, moving through the trees. A line of soldiers, walking steadily forward.

### THE FIGHT

The attackers are zombies, ten in number, who will reach the soldiers' position in two rounds. The first round, the soldiers can fire away with wild abandon, but notice that the enemy just won't die. During the second round, the zombies come into view, forcing a **SAN roll** for a loss of 0/1D4 (the sight of the army earlier cushions the blow). The sight is too much for Coleman, Kaplan and Johnson, and the three privates flee screaming into the night. The BAR can fire bursts of up to ten shots in a round, the machine gun can burst twenty, but the zombies aren't likely to get that hurt. Grenades work better, but can't be used in the second round without catching the soldiers in the blast for 1D6 damage (which can be avoided by a **Dodge roll**). Some of the foe should reach the foxhole, engaging in a grisly melee with the soldiers. Hopefully the soldiers fare better than Lt. Reitner from Part 1. After the foes are killed, proceed with "Strangers Among Us", below.

All around, the din of gunfire and the screams of the dying are deafening. Soldiers run every which way, pursued by the walking dead. Play up the battle for all it's worth, with gory descriptions and split second glimpses of the carnage. Grenade explosions light up the valley, and Whittlesey himself leads a counterattack. The dead seem just too many, however, and the valley will surely be overrun. If the soldiers flee their post, they will encounter groups of 1D6 zombies wreaking mayhem. After fighting a few (and being exposed to some grisly SAN loss as zombies rip men limb from limb and tear the wounded and maimed apart), proceed with "Strangers Among Us", below. The zombies' statistics can be found in *Keeper's Handout #2c*, as well as below.

## Martin's Last Words

When played at GenCon, Earl Martin was destined to die in an encounter with the Iloigor. Here is his original last speech.

**Aloud:** As he dies, blood trickling from his mouth, Martin looks up at his comrades. "Destiny . . . catches me. Could never . . . escape . . . the shadow. I saw them . . . . Alien, evil . . . from beyond the galaxy . . . God . . . ." With a final wheeze, Martin dies, a look of terror on his face. **End.**

**ZOMBIES, Mindless Slaves of Evil**

| | *#1* | *#2* | *#3* | *#4* | *#5* | *#6* | *#7* | *#8* | *#9* | *#10* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| STR | 19 | 15 | 13 | 18 | 16 | 16 | 15 | 24 | 24 | 21 |
| CON | 19 | 25 | 15 | 19 | 21 | 19 | 9 | 18 | 13 | 10 |
| SIZ | 13 | 14 | 14 | 10 | 10 | 14 | 11 | 12 | 15 | 15 |
| POW | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| DEX | 8 | 11 | 9 | 6 | 8 | 7 | 6 | 8 | 8 | 6 |
| HP | 16 | 19 | 14 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 10 | 15 | 14 | 12 |
| DB | +D4 | +D4 | +D4 | +D4 | +D4 | +D4 | +D4 | +D6 | +D6 | +D6 |

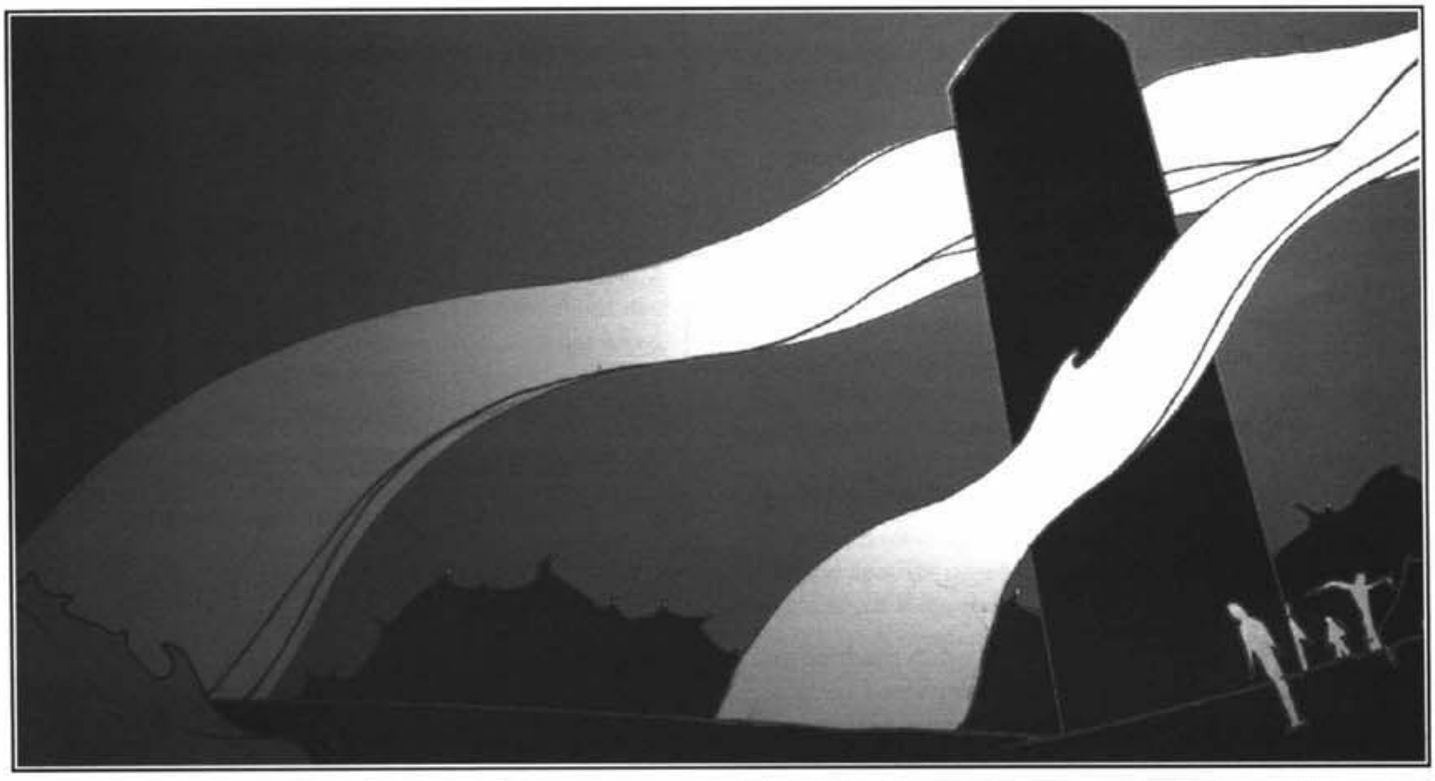
**Weapons:** Rifle as club 25%, damage 1D8 + 1 + db

**Armor:** none, but impaling weapons (bullets, bayonets) do 1 point of damage, and all others do one half of rolled damage.

**SAN Loss:** 1/1D8 (0/4 after seeing the Army of Darkness).

### STRANGERS AMONG US

In the thick of the fight, a random soldier notices a group of men in ill-fitting uniforms running through the shadows. What catches the eye is the face of one who stops and looks around—he has a massive growth on the side of



his head! The men are cultists in disguise! The soldiers will have to struggle across the valley to find them, losing them in the crowd and confusion as the fight rages around them. A **Spot Hidden roll** allows a soldier to spot the man, jumping into a foxhole several yards away. A successful **Idea or Navigate roll** is required to remember the way to the black stone.

When the soldiers reach the hole, they find the great black stone lying next to the crater, partially unearthed by the shelling. A thin space, almost hidden by shadow, runs beneath the megalith. The soldiers can crawl into it, and find themselves in a narrow tunnel which opens onto a subterranean nook, walled with megaliths. A set of worn steps descends into the darkness. The sound of frenzied chanting echoes up from the depths, and the crystal begins to glow again. The final battle is at hand.

## THE RITUAL

The steps lead into a great underground chamber about one hundred feet across. The walls are lined with megaliths, and the ceiling is a carefully constructed dome of slabs. The stones are covered with spiral carvings, zigzagging lines, and painted murals showing men worshipping great spirals and serpents rising from the earth. The art is even more spectacular than in the temple from Part 1, but what draws the soldiers' eyes is the great stone arch in the center of the cavern, standing on a raised dais. Stone altars surround it on three sides, stained with fresh blood and covered with brightly glowing candles.

**Aloud:** Whispers echo through your minds, and you can feel the presence of the unseen evil, so thick it can almost be touched. The air is charged with energy, you can feel your hair standing on end. Before the arch, kneeling, ten men in American uniforms, arms raised skyward, voices raised in a strange, lyrical chant. As you soldiers watch, the air in the center of the archway begins to shimmer and glow, turning green. Something stirs in the pale green glow, something which draws ever closer. **End.**

The soldiers are free to attack at will. The cultists will return fire, never breaking their chant. The battle should be played fast and furious. At last, the soldiers can take out some frustrations. The degenerates fight to the death, and take no prisoners.

Their stats appear below and are also repeated in *Keeper's Handout #2b*.

**CULTISTS, Degenerate Servants of the Star Spawn**

| | *#1* | *#2* | *#3* | *#4* | *#5* | *#6* | *#7* | *#8* | *#9* | *#10* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| STR | 7 | 12 | 9 | 10 | 18 | 14 | 16 | 15 | 13 | 12 |
| CON | 5 | 10 | 11 | 10 | 18 | 10 | 13 | 10 | 12 | 14 |
| SIZ | 9 | 10 | 11 | 8 | 18 | 10 | 11 | 9 | 8 | 13 |
| APP | 9 | 8 | 6 | 9 | 6 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 6 |
| INT | 8 | 11 | 10 | 10 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 9 | 8 | 10 |
| POW | 7 | 8 | 10 | 11 | 9 | 10 | 9 | 6 | 13 | 4 |
| DEX | 10 | 13 | 13 | 12 | 11 | 12 | 17 | 16 | 15 | 13 |
| HP | 7 | 10 | 11 | 9 | 18 | 10 | 12 | 10 | 10 | 14 |
| DB | -D4 | — | — | — | +D6 | — | +D4 | — | — | +D4 |
| WP | Rif | Mau | Ptc | Ptc | Ptc | Rif | Sck | Ptc | Mau | Sck |

**Weapons:** *All.* Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D3 + db
Kick 50%, damage 1D6 + db
Grapple (all) 45%, damage special
Fighting Knife 30%, damage 1D4 + 2 + db
*Mau.* Mauser Auto Pistol 25%, damage 1D8, 3/rnd
Club with Pistol 35%, damage 1D6 + db
*Rif.* Rifle 25%, damage 2D6 + 4, 1/2 rnd
Bayonet 20%, damage 1D4 + 2 + db
*Ptc.* Pitchfork 35%, damage 1D8 + 2 + db
*Sck.* Sickle 30%, damage 1D8 + db

**Armor:** none.

**Skills:** Climb 50%, Dodge 35%, Hide 50%, Listen 50%, Pick Pocket 15%, Spot 40%, Throw 40%

BATTLE WITH BLASPHEMIES

THE LLOIGOR REVEALED

### AVERTING CERTAIN DOOM

When the soldiers enter the cavern, the ritual is nearly complete. Dispatching the cultists does not bring any respite. The unseen lloigor take up the chant, their deep inhuman voices deafening. A whirlwind sweeps to life, blowing dust and debris all about. The soldiers each take 1 point of damage and must make a **DEX x3 roll** to accomplish any action. The gate will open four rounds after the winds begin. Only the chant from the tome can counteract this. Allow **Idea rolls** if the soldiers do not realize this.

Each round, a soldier who knows the chant must make a **Luck roll** to keep it going. As long as one soldier succeeds in any given round, the chant is not broken. As the chants vie with each other, the green gateway pulsates, as if some huge thing was pressing its bulk against it. Long, slimy tendrils begin to worm their way through, prompting a **SAN roll** for 1/lD3. Any soldier going temporarily insane cannot chant. If the soldiers can keep up the chant, the spell will be broken, but the lloigor will not be denied.

During the second round of chanting, a shape begins to form in the room. With a clap of thunder a smell of ozone, a huge creature materializes. Vast and reptilian, it resembles a hug, four-legged serpent, a dragon! Twisted horns rise from its head, and spines run the length of the thing's back. Slime oozes over its glistening scales, and black ichor drips from its huge fangs. The thing is strangely misshapen, its limbs of different lengths, and one eye sits lower than the other in its terrible face. The huge thing takes up most of the cavern, coiled around and around. With a deafening shriek, it strikes! Starting the third round, the lloigor/dragon will strike one soldier a round, likely utterly destroying him if it hits. Gratuitous machine gun fire, anyone? If the soldiers can but hold out two rounds, victory is assured. Good luck!

**DRAGON, the Star Spawn Revealed at Last!**

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| STR 39 | CON 31 | SIZ 50 | INT 27 | POW 17 |
| DEX 12 | | | | HP 40 |

**Damage Bonus:** +5D6

**Armor:** 8-point reptilian hide.

**Weapons:** Claw 30%, damage 6D6
Bite 50%, damage 7D6

**SAN Loss:** 0/lD8 SAN.

## Victory

If the soldiers can keep the chant going, there is a blinding flash of light as the energies of the summoning run amok. The dragon screams and explodes in a shower of sparks. The stone arch shatters, sending debris flying throughout the room. Several severed tendrils lie on the stone floor, twitching and dripping a yellow fluid. There is a great explosion, and the soldiers are knocked off of their feet. Silence reigns . . . . The crystal's light fades, plunging the cavern into total darkness. The soldiers can, with a successful **Listen roll**, faintly make out the sounds of battle above, and follow them to the exit. As the survivors

emerge from the cavern, the hill behind them collapses with a deep rumble, burying its horrors forever. The battle is ending, the much weakened American troops still holding their desolate valley. The skies have cleared, and the brooding stars stare down, watching as they have always watched, and knowing that with time, war will come to this place again . . . and the lloigor will be ready.

*Player's Handout #9* depicts a newspaper headline from a month after the adventure: the end of the Great War. It may be used to offer closure to the awful conflict in which the soldiers have been involved.

# Bibliography

Keepers who want to be as prepared as possible to run *No Man's Land* might want to acquaint themselves with some of the materials that inspired the scenario.


### GAME MATERIALS

*The 1920's Investigator's Companion*, Keith Herber and divers hands, Chaosium, 1997. The weapons data and optional rules for firearms included in the Keeper's Handouts were drawn from this volume.

*Escape From Innsmouth, Second Edition*, Kevin A. Ross and divers hands, Chaosium, 1997. The military characters and situations in "The Innsmouth Raid" scenario served as guideposts during the creation of this scenario. (This new edition expands the raid.)

*Tales of the Miskatonic Valley*, divers hands, Chaosium, 1991. Two of the scenarios in this volume proved invaluable to the author while writing *No Man's Land*. Geoff Gillan's "Regiment of Dread" provided the inspiration for the battle resolution system, while "The Watcher in the Valley" by Kevin A. Ross gave useful data about lloigor magic, tactics, and psychology.

### FICTION

"The Return of the Lloigor", by Colin Wilson, printed in *Tales of the Cthulhu Mythos*, H.P Lovecraft and divers hands, Arkham House, 1990. The essential story about the lloigor, and one of the few places they appear in the body of Mythos literature. Required reading.

"Out of the Aeons", by H.P. Lovecraft and Hazel Heald, printed in *The Horror in the Museum*, S.T. Joshi, ed., Arkham House, 1989. This tale deals with ancient Mu and is also *the* mythos source regarding the Great Old One Ghatanathoa.

### NON-FICTION

*Eye-Deep in Hell*, by John Ellis, The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1976. A wonderful and chilling account of life in the trenches. Most of the Soldier's Lot appendix found its inspiration here.

*The First World War: an Illustrated History*, by A.J.P. Taylor, Pedigree Books, 1980. Widely regarded as the best short history of the First World War.

*Great Battles of World War I*, by Anthony Livesey, MacMillan Publishing Company, 1989. An excellent reference for tactical information and a handy catalogue of the war's worst atrocities. Full of excellent photos and art.

*No Man's Land*, by John Toland, Ballantine Books, 1980. A gripping and eminently readable account of the Great War's final year. Toland's account of the Lost Battalion formed the basis of the account in the appendices.

*World War I*, by S.L.A. Marshall, Houghton Mifflin Company, 1987. Another detailed history of the Great War, with lots of excellent information about the fighting in the Argonne Forest. ■


## What Else is in this book?

*The rest of this book consists of resources to help run this adventure, and World War I adventures in general.*


**History of the Lost Battalion ..... pg. 40**
**A Soldier's Lot..... pg. 42**
**Handout Overview ..... pg. 50**
**Player's Handouts ..... pg. 51**
**Keeper's Handouts..... pg. 60**
**Pregenerated Characters ..... Pg. 67**

Appendix

# The History of the Lost Battalion

*Drawn from* No Man's Land *by John Toland*

### TUESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1918

Pershing's order to advance at any cost reaches Charles Whittlesey, commander of the 1st Battalion 308th Infantry. By this time, Whittlesey's unit had been whittled down to half strength, and what men he had left were underfed and exhausted. To make matters worse, his left flank was unsecured and the attack he was to lead was the first into this part of the Argonne since the start of the war. The enemy had had four years to entrench itself. After discussing the situation with Captain George McMurtry, acting commander of 2nd Battalion, the two officers jointly protest all the way to their division commander, General Alexander. The officers' concerns fall on deaf ears and the battalions are ordered to attack no matter what. "All right," Whittlesey tells Colonel Stacey, his regiment commander, "I'll attack, but whether you ever hear from me again I don't know."

### WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 2ND, 1918:

1st Battalion moves out at 6:30 a.m. into heavy fog and light rain. Whittlesey himself leads the advance just behind the scouts, with McMurtry and 2nd Battalion protecting his right. By 10:00 a.m. the entire force is pinned down by heavy fire from a hill supposedly held by the French. Whittlesey moves his unit to the right and finally breaks through the German line and reaches his objective by early afternoon. Ninety men have been lost and two entire companies (150 more men) are missing, lost somewhere in the fog.

Whittlesey sends back runners requesting reinforcement and resupply, not knowing that his is the only battalion to penetrate the German line. In the mean time the two battalions set up a defensive perimeter and wait. There is little ammunition, almost no food, and no equipment for digging deep trenches. By evening, Germans are spotted on all sides, and Whittlesey realizes he is cut off. As night falls enemy artillery and mortar shells begin to fall on the hapless units.

Colonel Stacey sends an entire battalion to relieve Whittlesey, but only a single rifle company, Company K under the command of Captain Nelson Holderman, manages to reach Whittlesey's pocket. Holderman confirms that the enemy was behind Whittlesey, and in force. Desperate, Whittlesey sends Lieutenant Karl Wilhelm and a force of fifty men creeping off into the night to find the two missing companies. The rest of the men endure the barrage as best they can without cover and settle in for a siege. *(Note: The players' squad is part of Wilhelm's party.)* Wilhelm's search party runs into heavy German resistance and only twenty of his men crawl back to the pocket.

### THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3RD, 1918:

By morning, only 550 men are left alive. McMurtry sends a message to all company commanders: "Our mission is to hold this position at all costs. No falling back. Have this understood by every man in your command." Whittlesey sends word of his position and another plea for aid back to division command by pigeon. That afternoon the Germans attack but are repulsed, and the last of the food is parceled out. One-third of Whittlesey's men are now dead or wounded, and all medical supplies are used up. During the night, McMurtry scrambles from post to post whispering, "Everything is practically okay."

### FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4TH, 1918:

Whittlesey sends two more pigeons to Division with notes describing his situation. "Situation is cutting into our strength rapidly. Men are suffering from hunger and exposure; and the wounded are very bad condition. Cannot support be sent at once?" A major American offensive aimed at relieving the battalions stalls, and Stacey orders an artillery barrage to destroy the Germans who have Whittlesey pinned down.

Hopes rise in the early afternoon when a plane flies over the pocket and launches the flare to mark its position. The beleaguered soldiers rejoice; they've been found! Their cheers die however, when shells begin exploding nearby and then fall directly into the pocket. Whittlesey bravely paces in the open to calm his men, while McMurtry keeps shouting, "Take it easy! This won't last long!" After several hours, Whittlesey scribbles another message: "Our own artillery is dropping barrages directly on us. For Heaven's sake, stop it." The note is attached to Cher Ami, the unit's last pigeon. Despite the storm of shrapnel and a bullet wound that later proves fatal, Cher Ami delivers the message. By the time the barrage ends, eighty men, including two captains, have been killed or wounded.

The battalion's troubles however, are far from over. At 9:00 p.m. flares rise up all around the pocket and potato mashers sail in from several points. A German voice shouts out, asking for surrender. "Come and get us, you Dutch bastards!" is the rousing response. The German attack that follows is the worst yet, and the pocket is nearly lost. (Note: the artillery barrage did drive away the Germans. This attack is actually the work of the cultists

and their zombie army, and the battle where the fate of the human race is decided. The following entries assume the players were successful in thwarting Ghatanathoa, and can be described by the keeper or played through as an epilogue. The star spawn may be defeated, but the siege of the Lost Battalion is only half over.)

### SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5TH, 1918:

Allied planes fly over the pocket and drop desperately needed supplies, which land just out of reach. Whittlesey spends the day wandering through the pocket, assuring his men that relief will arrive soon. "There are two million American soldiers coming for us," he says, "We'll get relief, all right." The Germans, having moved back in, pelt the pocket with grenades again in the afternoon, often wiring six together. By now the newspapers of the world are telling the story of "The Lost Battalion" and pressure is mounting on Colonel Stacey and General Alexander to relieve them. Another attempt to break through to the pocket fails. Whittlesey's unit is quickly running out of ammunition, as well as men fit to lead. Another miserable night passes without food.

### SUNDAY, OCTOBER 6TH, 1918:

In the early afternoon the Germans launch their worst attack yet, advancing into the pocket behind a vanguard of flame throwers. Faced with one-hundred-foot jets of fire, the Americans flee the perimeter in terror. "Liquid fire!" one man screams to Whittlesey. "Liquid Hell! Get back where you belong!" the Major retorts. Despite a grenade fragment lodged in his back, Captain Holderman, using two rifles for crutches, rallies the troops and leads a counterattack which kills all of the flame operators and drives the Germans back. The Germans take two more of the unit's machine guns, however, and there is still no food except for the supplies dropped outside the pocket, so near and yet so far.

### MONDAY, OCTOBER 7TH, 1918:

Just before dawn, nine of McMurtry's men sneak out of the pocket to make a run for the air-dropped food. The men run into a German patrol which kills five of the nine and takes the rest prisoner. Lieutenant Fritz Prinz, a German officer who had lived in Seattle for six years, interrogates the captives. Prinz asks eighteen-year-old Private Lowell Hollingshead to take a message back to his commander calling for his surrender. The Germans, Prinz tells him, are planning another flame attack that afternoon and just want to give the trapped Americans an opportunity to surrender.

Hollingshead limps back to the pocket and delivers the note, which states that it is being delivered under protest and asks that Whittlesey surrender for pity's sake. "The suffering of your men can be heard over here in the German lines and we are appealing to your human sentiments. A withe [sic] flag shown by one of your men will tell us that you agree with these conditions. Please treat the Lowell R. Hollingshead as an honourable man. He is quite a soldier we envy you."

Whittlesey calls McMurtry and Holderman over and shows them the letter. After reading it, the officers smile. "They're begging us to quit," says McMurtry. "They're more worried than we are." Whittlesey reprimands Hollingshead for leaving his post, then returns the Private to duty. He then orders the white sheets spread out as a marker for friendly planes to be rolled up, not wanting anything to be mistaken for a surrender signal. Word of the note spreads from foxhole to foxhole, and Prinz's appeal backfires as the soldiers almost unanimously take McMurtry's interpretation. "You heinie bastards, come and get us!" someone shouts, and soon the air is filled with a rousing chorus of obscenities.

The Germans retort with a fierce attack. At the center of the fight is Holderman, hobbling about on his rifle crutches and blazing away with his pistol. Holderman kills five Germans, and sustains another four wounds, but manages to break up the attack on his flank. After a fierce fight that ends in a hand-to-hand brawl, the enemy is again turned back. As another cold, rainy evening comes, the men of the battalions wonder how much longer they can hold without any food or ammunition.

They aren't left wondering for long. Advances by the 1st Division earlier up the Aire Valley had finally weakened the German position in the Argonne, and after giving up on the attack the Germans silently withdraw in the rain. Just after dark, a patrol of American riflemen reach the pocket without drawing a single shot. The siege is over.

### TUESDAY, OCTOBER 8TH, 1918:

In the morning Whittlesey walks out of the pocket with 194 of his comrades. 190 more are so gravely wounded that they must be carried out. 107 men are dead and another 63 are missing. The whereabouts of the two lost companies are still unknown. Whittlesey is met on the old Roman road to the pocket by General Alexander, who greets him with a warm "How do you do?" "From now on," Alexander tells the haggard Major, "you're Lieutenant Colonel Whittlesey." Whittlesey mumbles something decidedly unenthusiastic. Thirty-four days later, on November 11th, 1918, all hostilities end on the Western Front. The war is over.

### AFTERMATH

Whittlesey, McMurtry, and Holderman are each awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. Cher Ami is stuffed and displayed at the Smithsonian. The men of The Lost Battalion are all famous, although most take objection to the name, since two battalions were actually "lost" and neither was really lost at all; everyone knew exactly where they were the entire time. Whittlesey receives an honorary degree from Williams College in 1919, then retreats from the public eye. In 1921, the retired Lieutenant Colonel writes his will, leaving everything to his mother. After writing several of his friends, he books passage on a cruise ship to Havana. One night during the voyage he stays up late in the saloon, drinking heavily and talking about the war to a stranger. Finally, Whittlesey abruptly states that he's going to bed. He then walks out on deck and throws himself overboard, committing suicide. ■

Appendix

# The Soldier's Lot

## Life on the Western Front

The daily lives of soldiers on the Western Front varied from miserable to nightmarish. Shifts of back-breaking labor or sentry duty might at any moment be interrupted by an artillery barrage or an infantry attack. Snipers waited eagerly in No Man's Land, ready to blast anything that showed above the trench line. Or, if ordered to advance, soldiers found themselves running in plain view into a hail of grenades and machine gun fire. In short, death might come at any moment, from any number of causes. However, The Great War also stands out in history as one of the worst for other reasons. The trenches were full of filth, vermin, and sickness, and nearly every aspect of the soldier's life conspired to leave him, between bouts of sheer terror, in misery.

Drawn from John Ellis' *Eye Deep in Hell.*

### Gear

The British soldier's kit was carried with him at all times, and varied from 60 to 77 pounds depending on the season and whether he was on the march. In the American Expeditionary Force the men were only slightly less burdened. At a bare minimum, each man carried: greatcoat, cardigan, "housewife" (sewing kit), mess-tin, cap comforter, harness, shirt, paybook, razor with case, socks (3 pair), ammunition (150 rounds), lather brush, soap, rifle cover, waterproof sheet, comb, bottle of oil, tin of grease, knife, fork, spoon, water bottle, field dressing, toothbrush, Towel, gas mask, spine protector, bootlaces, entrenching tool (shovel), rifle, pocket knife, bayonet, and pull-through (fastener).

They also carried a number of ammo belts, pouches, a knapsack and haversack, and any special equipment that varied by assignment (wire cutters, spyglasses, etc). Remember that the war came before the ascendancy of plastics and lightweight, artificial fabrics, so the kit was extraordinarily bulky as well as being heavy.

In addition, the soldier's steel helmet weighed two pounds and his boots weighed five. What is not commonly known, however, is that most soldiers carried far more weight than even their gear. The soldier's greatcoat, invaluable protection against the cold (and thick enough to afford some minimal protection from attack) weighed seven pounds, but after a day or two of rain could absorb as much as thirty-four pounds of mud and water! As Ellis puts it; "Imagine yourself in the pitch dark, after two or three days of wet, cold, [and] sleeplessness, staggering down a trench, knee-deep in mud, carrying various burdens that almost equal your own body weight." In the end, fatigue proved as bad an enemy as the Germans, and merely walking from point A to point B could prove a Herculean task.

**Rules:** Any soldier not stripped down to the minimum (rifle, helmet, ammo, water, gas mask, and greatcoat) and doing any kind of strenuous activity (marching, hiking, etc.) must make a **CON roll** for every hour of activity, starting at CON x5 with the multiplier decreasing by one for each roll. A soldier with a failure is fatigued, and suffers a minus 10% penalty to all Physical and Manipulation skills (Art, Conceal, Climb, Craft, Dodge, Drive, First Aid, Firearms skills, hand-to-hand skills, Hide, Jump, Locksmith, Mechanical and Electrical Repair, Martial Arts, Op. Heavy Machine, Photography, Pilot, Ride, Sneak, Swim, Throw) *per roll failed.* After five failed rolls, the soldier collapses from fatigue and must rest eight hours before new activity can be undertaken. Also, sneaking around in full gear is nearly impossible. All **Hide and Sneak rolls** are halved (in addition to any fatigue penalties). Reduce a heavily laden soldier's Move by 20 minus his STR, to a minimum of 1. **End.**

### Routine

Of course, no unit stayed in the trenches for the entire run of the war. The yearly routines of a soldier varied from army to army and from unit to unit, but on the whole, an average soldier spent 100-110 days in the front line or support trenches per year, 120 days in reserve (a day's march from the front), and 165 days at rest, on leave, in the hospital, or on the march. Only the German Army kept its divisions in one place for more than a few months at a time; the Allied armies shuffled their divisions up and down the Western Front regularly, resulting in long periods where a unit would be on the move, either by train (rarely) or on the march.

Units in reserve occupied their time with logistical duties, helping to transport supplies or produce raw trench materials like posts and supports. European armies got to go home on leave, while the Americans loitered about

Paris or other French cities, carousing. Time spent in the front line trench (or "fire trench") and the reserve trenches was divided into "tours" of one to thirteen days during calm periods, although during a battle a unit could stay on the firing line for up to fifty days!

The tours on the front were the most grueling parts of the soldier's life. Time in the trenches was divided up into two to four watches, and centered around "stand-to" at dawn and dusk, when the entire company lined the parapet just in case the enemy chose that moment to attack. Men worked in two or three hour shifts, standing guard or working "fatigues," shifts of hard labor transporting supplies, filling in shell craters, repairing or digging new trenches, or sinking latrines. There was little time for sleep, and sentries had a very hard time staying awake on a night watch after several hours of grueling labor. Furthermore, death was always one mistake away in the front lines, snipers waiting to shoot any exposed heads, and a position could count on taking at least six artillery shells a day. Units tended to lose up to a sixth of their strength per tour to sickness and shrapnel! The British army estimated 300,000 casualties a year during calm periods.

Small units were also sent on patrol, crawling into No Man's Land by night to spy on the enemy line (a particularly deadly and terrifying duty). Crack units of volunteers also went on raids. Trench raids were a nightmarish affair, the raiders sawing down their rifles, stripping off all insignia (even uniform buttons), improvising big clubs and knives, blackening their faces, then sneaking over to the enemy line. There frightful combat ensued, the raiders blasting their way about with grenades and shotguns or fighting tooth and nail, hoping to take prisoners or strip insignia off of officers to verify which German unit was positioned there, kill as many men as possible, and generally demoralize the enemy. Actual battles were rare. A unit could count on one or two major actions a year, and maybe five small raids on its position. Many men went years without ever even seeing the enemy.

A strange respect, almost a camaraderie, existed between opposing forces, who spent years camped only yards apart. Artillery and snipers relaxed during the hours of breakfast and dinner, and a squad who struck up a song often found itself applauded or even accompanied by the enemy. Soldiers on both sides also let the enemy gather its dead or repair a flooded trench without firing on them. Allied and enemy soldiers even left their trenches on Christmas Day, 1914, and mingled in No Man's Land, two units joining in a soccer game. The High Command frowned on such fraternization with the enemy, however, and each Christmas day following was filled with particularly brutal artillery barrages.

As a final note, dog tags, the twenty-four-hour clock, and the phonetic alphabet, three of the cornerstones of the modern military, had not yet been invented. Also, soldiers in the Great War did not serve tours of duty in the Vietnam War sense; once he volunteered or was conscripted, a soldier was in the war for the duration. With the exception of leave that might come once a year, the only respite the harried soldiers could look forward to was an armistice, which seemed remote even days before the hostilities ended.

## Communications

Communication between headquarters and units in the field is vital in any military situation, more so in the Great War, when infantry attacks were often coordinated with artillery barrages and a lag of five minutes could be fatal. Communication from the front lines to regimental or divisional headquarters was accomplished by field telephone. These were large, clumsy devices powered by a hand cranked generator. These phones required miles of cable laid out in the open, and the vagaries of weather coupled with ever present shelling rendered field telephones operational only about half the time. It was also highly impractical for advancing units to drag the bulky phones and spools of cable with them on an offensive, so back-up communications systems were often relied on. Units who were advancing or whose phone lines were cut often resorted to runners who delivered messages by hand. The time lag involved was often considerable. Keepers and players are directed to the end of the film *Gallipoli* for an example of how dangerous and critical the runner's job could be. Units also relied on carrier pigeons. Over 15,000 American pigeons were trained for use in World War I, and more were loaned from French units. These pigeons carried thousands of messages during the war. The Army boasted that 95% of all messages sent were successfully delivered, including one that read "Take it away! I'm sick of carrying this damn bird!" A well timed pigeon could spell the difference between life and death,

THE SOLDIER'S LOT: FIELD RATIONS

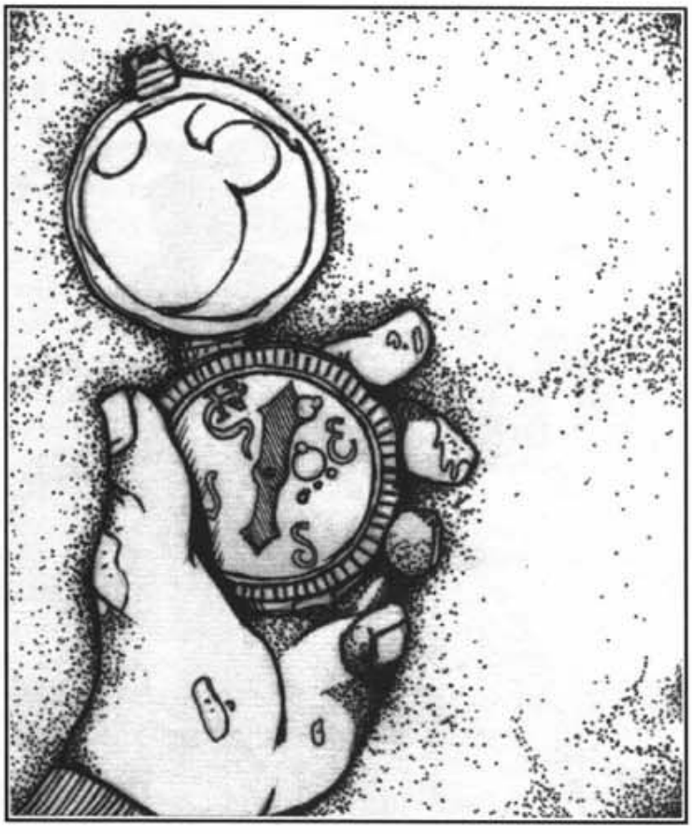
as the men of the Lost Battalion discovered.

With regard to the mail, British and French troops received fairly regular mail, their letters taking about two weeks to reach home and letters from home sometimes getting to them in as little as three days. The Americans were less lucky; transatlantic shipping, fraught with U-boat predation, was notoriously slow. If a letter reached home at all, six weeks in transit was considered speedy. For the men in the field, two mail calls in the same month was a miracle.

## Medicine

Medicine on the battlefield was practically non-existent. Each soldier carried a field dressing that he (or a comrade) could apply to a wound. There were no guarantees, however, that it could be kept dry and clean before use. Wounded men, provided that they could even be located by stretcher bearers, required four men to carry them back to the line, to an area in the rear trenches called an Aid Post. Wounds were diagnosed there, dressings were changed, and some injections (usually pain killers, as antibiotics were always in short supply) were administered. Only in extreme cases was any surgery attempted, usually amputation of a hemorrhaging limb. The injured then moved on to an Advanced Dressing Station (for more of the same) and, finally, the Casualty Clearing Station (CCS), or field hospital.

**Rules:** if practiced in the field, a **First Aid roll** cannot boost a soldier's weekly healing rate or revive a soldier who has just died, due to lack of proper medical equipment and technique. **Medicine rolls** are impossible in the field. At a CCS, **Medicine rolls** are possible, and any soldier in a CCS convalescing is assumed to recover 1D3+1 hit points per week of rest (the 2D3 rate just isn't possible in such unsanitary conditions). **End.**



THE SOLDIER'S LOT: LOST!

The CCS was the place most surgery was performed. Advances in medicine, particularly antibiotics, had made surgery far more survivable than in the days of the Civil War, but it was still gruesome. Amputation was still the best remedy for a shattered or hemorrhaging limb. Little was known about anesthesia either, and most surgery was performed with, at most, a dose of stiff liquor to kill the patient's pain. Many men with chest or head wounds never made it to the CCS, dying in transit. Those with particularly grievous wounds were often not removed from the field at all, passed over in favor of those more likely to pull through.

**Rules: surgery option** (for particularly cruel keepers). Any single wound which does more then half of a soldier's hit points (or maims/severs a hit location, if the CoC hit location system is used) induces bleeding at the rate of one hit point per round. A successful **First Aid roll** is needed to stop the bleeding (hence the field dressings), but then the soldier will lose one hit point per day from internal injuries and general deterioration until surgery is performed (these "wasting points" cannot be treated with First Aid). A soldier must make a **CON x5 roll** or die on the operating table. If the roll is successful, the soldier can begin convalescing in the CCS at a rate of 1D3+1 hit points per week of rest. **End.**

Only 23% of the wounds treated in a CCS were gunshot wounds; the rest were injuries from artillery or grenade shrapnel. Shrapnel could inflict truly horrific wounds, a fragment slicing off a limb, neatly castrating a man, or disemboweling a soldier. Head wounds were worse; fragments gouged out eyes, cut off ears and noses, and some men were found in No Man's Land, alive and semi-conscious with their lower jaws sheared off or the tops of their skulls sliced open and their brains clearly visible.

## Sickness and Hygiene

Life in the trenches was abominably filthy. Soldiers were buried where they fell, and later shelling or washouts would often bring the bloated, rotting corpses to light. There was little in the way of sanitation, either. Latrines tended to be crude pits that were filled over when full, but many soldiers on guard or patrol used whatever crater was convenient for a toilet. Trenches also had no drainage to speak of, and after a stiff fall of rain soldiers could find themselves waist deep in foul, muddy water polluted by their own sewage. Rats, drawn to the abundant corpses, were everywhere. Men tended not to shave or bathe, and soon found themselves crawling with lice. As space in the dugouts was sorely limited, the men lived and slept shoulder to shoulder. Nearly every major illness known to man short of the Black Death flared up in the trenches, and

spread like wildfire in the cramped conditions. There was one ailment, however, a condition more than an illness, which the Great War made famous: trench foot.

Trench foot was a skin condition resulting from standing or walking for up to days on end without removing wet socks and boots. One immersion in water followed by a day of constant wear was enough to trigger an onset of trench foot, and the universally wet conditions of the Western Front made it nearly impossible to avoid. During the war, 74,711 British soldiers were hospitalized for extreme cases of trench foot, and units could have up to a quarter of their men laid up with it at a given time. The condition was similar to, and often mistaken for, frost bite. The feet would go numb, turn red or blue, swell, and in extreme cases gangrene would set in.

Various remedies were adopted, with limited success. From 1915 to 1917, in addition to vigorously cleaning and drying their feet, soldiers spread a grease made from whale oil on their feet to "waterproof" them. From June 1917 on this grease was supplemented with a mixture of talcum powder and camphor. Drying and medicating one's feet twice a day was sufficient precaution to avoid trench foot, provided that the soldiers could keep themselves in dry socks. Wet, muddy socks could take hours to dry over a fire, and the three pairs issued were often not enough. Some units had fresh socks sent up from the rear with their evening rations, while others took to looting spare socks from the dead. Soldiers also stuffed hot bran or shredded newspapers in their boots to keep them dry. Although fairly serious complications could arise from trench foot and thousands lost a few toes or a whole foot to it, the ailment was looked down upon by the officers. Those men afflicted with with trench foot were deemed too weak in discipline to avoid it.

**Rules:** each day a soldier does not take adequate precautions (requiring 2-3 hours of free time, dry socks, and medicine for his feet) he must make a **CON roll** starting at CON x5 or contract trench foot. Each additional day without treatment reduces the modifier by one to x4, x3, etc, down to CON xl on the fifth day. Once trench foot is contracted, further precautions will not help the condition; only a successful **Medicine roll** and a week of rest provide a cure. Each day a soldier has trench foot, his maximum move is reduced by one (i.e. from 8 to 7, 7 to 6, etc.). Note that these penalties to movement are cumulative with encumbrance penalties. Once a soldier's Move (without load) reaches 0, gangrene sets in and the soldier will lose 1D3 hit points per day until death or until surgery is performed. Gangrenous feet will require 1D6 toes to be amputated (a roll of 6 means the foot must go as well). The keeper is left to his own devices to describe the details of dysentery, typhus, and other diseases. Soldiers need a **CON x5 roll** for each week spent in the front line trenches, failure meaning a sickness of some kind, which should be debilitating but fatal only in extreme cases. **End.**

## World War I Armor Data

If no hit location system is used, assume that a soldier always has one point of armor (from helmet or greatcoat). If the system is used, the soldier's steel helmet affords 2 points of armor to the head with a 50% chance of helping against a frontal attack, and the greatcoats worn in fall and winter provide one point of armor to the chest, abdomen, both arms, and is 50% likely to work against any attack to the legs.

## Battle

The most horrifying face of the Great War, battle should not be used lightly by the keeper. Keepers are encouraged, when devising their own WWI scenarios, to center the action around an actual battle. Research that battle's particulars, and develop a round by round resolution system. The Infantry Charge Results Table in *No Man's Land* is a good starting point. Each round, rather than trying to deal with combat results for hundreds of men or cumbersome automatic fire rules, attacking soldiers should have about a 50% chance of being injured or witnessing SAN damaging horrors. Note that in *No Man's Land*, damage was kept to a minimum; if grenade and machine gun damage were played all out, only 1 soldier in 10 (if that) could hope to escape unmaimed! Keepers are advised to make Player-soldiers the lucky few who survive battles. Emphasize the shock and horror of combat rather than the hail of bullets and shrapnel. Emotional scars are more fun to play than physical ones.

## Gas

The most infamous weapon of the First World War, gas was first used in April 1915 and was a standard weapon on all sides soon after. Early on in the conflict chlorine gas was used, later supplemented by phosgene gas and finally replaced by dreaded mustard gas in 1917. Gas was usually delivered by artillery shell. Chlorine gas, which smells like a mixture of pineapple and pepper, reacts with water in the victim's eyes, throat, and lungs to create hydrochloric acid, doing horrendous eye and respiratory damage to its victims, who are condemned to a slow death by asphyxiation, often gasping on for days before death. Phosgene gas smells like rotting fish, and irritates mucous membranes, damaging the eyes and raising bloody sores in the lungs, throat, and on the tongue. Death from phosgene was faster.

Mustard gas, however, was the worst. Mustard gas smelled sweet, like a pastry or perfumed soap. Its effects could take up to twelve hours to show, but were uniformly horrific. Mustard gas irritated the skin as well as the eyes and lungs, limiting the effectiveness of gas masks. The gas induced nausea and vomiting, and raising blisters on the skin which developed into supperating, mustard-colored sores. Also, the gas totally destroyed the mucous membranes in the lungs, leading to excruciating pain as

# World War I Weapons Data

## RIFLES

| *Name* | *Caliber* | *Damage* | *Rate of Fire* | *Style* | *Load* | *Capacity* | *Reload* | *Hit Points* | *Malfunction* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| U.S. M1917 | .30-06 | 2D6+4 | 1/2(1) | Bolt | Clip | 5 | 1 rnd | 12 | 00/90 |

A poorly tooled, inaccurate weapon (-5% to Rifle skill), the standard A.E.F. rifle. The British and French rifles, the Lee-Enfield Mk3 and French M1916 are virtually identical to the M1917 (although more accurate—no skill penalty), save that they fire .303Br and 8mm ammo, respectively, and the British Lee-Enfield has a 10 round clip.

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Mauser 1898 | 7.92 | 2D6+4 | 1/2(1) | Bolt | Clip | 5 | 1 rnd | 12 | 00/90 |

The standard issue rifle of the German army.

*Notes: The parenthesized rate of fire is used by shooters with an applicable Firearms skill of 75 or higher. The malfunction number listed after the slash is used for a poorly maintained or dirty weapon. Finally, reduce the malfunction number of any belt-fed machine gun by 7 if not operated by a crew of two, and double the reload time.*

## PISTOLS

| *Name* | *Caliber* | *Damage* | *Rate of Fire* | *Style* | *Load* | *Capacity* | *Reload* | *Hit Points* | *Malfunction* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Colt 1917 | .45 | 1D10 | 1(3/2) | Rev. | Swing | 6 | 2/rnd | 10 | 00/96 |

U.S. Officer's sidearm, a heavy revolver.

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| P08 Luger | 9mm | 1D10 | 2(3) | Semi | Clip | 8 | 1 rnd | 8 | 99/75 |

The semi-automatic German officer's sidearm.

## AUTOMATIC WEAPONS

| *Name* | *Caliber* | *Damage* | *Rate of Fire* | *Style* | *Load* | *Capacity* | *Reload* | *Hit Points* | *Malfunction* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| BAR | .30-06 | 2D6+4 | 1(2)* | Sel. | Mag | 20 | 1 rnd | 11 | 98/70 |

The Browning Automatic Rifle, available (but rare) in late 1918. Can fire an automatic burst of up to 10 rounds (use Machine Gun skill for full auto fire).

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lewis Gun | .30-06 | 2D6+4 | Burst | Auto | Drum | 47 | 1 rnd | 12 | 98/70 |

A British machine gun, used by all Allied armies. Sometimes mounted on airplanes.

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Vickers | .303Br | 2D6+4 | Burst | Auto | Belt | 250 | 2 rnd | 12 | 98/75 |

A heavier British mahine gun which replaced the Lewis. Water cooled.

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Browning M1917 | .30-06 | 2D6+4 | Burst | Auto | Belt | 250 | 2 rnd | 12 | 98/75 |

The standard U.S, machine gun, air or water cooled.

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Maxim MG08 | 7.92 | 2D6+4 | Burst | Auto | Belt | 50-250 | 2 rnd | 12 | 98/75 |

The infamous German machine gun, water cooled.

## SPECIAL WEAPONS

| *Name* | *Base Chance* | *Range* | *#At* | *Damage* | *Capacity* | *Hit Points* | *Malfunction* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Hand Grenade | Throw Skill | Throw | 1/2 | 4D6/4y | 1 | 8 | 99 |
| Flame Thrower | 35 | 25 yds | 1 | 2D6* | 10-12 | 6 | 93 |
| Mortar Shell | 00 | 100 yds | 1/2 | 4D6/3y | 1 | 15 | 95 |
| Artillery | 00 | 500 yds+ | 1/4 | 10D6/2y | 1 | 40 | 99 |

*Notes: Anyone hit by a flame thrower must make a Luck roll or catch fire, taking an additional 1D3 points of damage per combat round. Also, flame victimns must make a SAN check with a cost of 0/1D3—if on fire, failure is automatic. Victims who fail the SAN check must fall prone and roll about to smother the flames (even if not on fire). If the optional hit location system is used, flame throwers divide their damage between two locations, and explosion damage is divided into units of 3 points, each of which is distributed randomly.*

## MELEE WEAPONS

| *Name* | *Base Chance* | *Damage* | *Impale?* | *Hit Points* |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Bayonet, fixed | 20 | 1D8 + 1 + db | yes | as rifle |
| Bayonet, hand | 25 | 1D6 + 1 + db | yes | 15 |
| Rifle butt | 25 | 1D8 + db | no | as rifle |
| Entrenching tool | 25 | 1D3 + db | no | 15 |
| Trench knife* | 25 | 1D6 + 1 + db | yes | 15 |

* = *This knife has brass knuckles built into the grip which add two to the wielder's punching damage.*

bronchial tissues dried out. Death from mustard gas could take up to five weeks, and hopeless cases often had to be strapped to their beds to keep from thrashing about in agony.

**Rules:** when subjected to a gas attack, a soldier immediately needs a **SAN roll** with a cost of 1/1D4. Then, all exposed must succeed in a **Luck roll** to get their masks on in time. Exposure to gas induces another **SAN roll** with a cost of 1/1D6, and also prompts a **resistance roll**, pitting the soldier's CON against the Potency of the gas. A successful roll means the soldier takes half of the gas POT in damage, while a failing victim takes full POT. Gas damage is not instant, beginning in the gas' onset time and divided by the damage rate of the gas. Any exposed to gas must also make a **Luck roll** or be blinded. Failing a **CON x3** roll indicates that the blindness will be permanent. *The blistering damage of mustard gas cannot be resisted, and is suffered by all soldiers, even those in gas masks.* All victims of gas who survive lose one quarter of the gas damage they took in CON. Only one **Medicine roll** may be attempted per gas victim, which will reduce the gas damage by 1D3 points. While taking gas damage, victims are incapacitated with pain and convulsions. See the nearby box for gas data. **End.**

## Madness

Not all the wounds of the Great War bled. "Post Traumatic Stress Disorder" as we know it today had yet to be discovered, though the doctors of the time saw thousands of men succumb to psychological stress and terror. Some showed symptoms of extreme fatigue while others went stark raving mad. Most of these cases were officially listed as NYD(N); "Not Yet Diagnosed (Nervous)," but the condition is remembered today by the soldiers' slang for it: shell shock.

While the concussion of an artillery explosion could agitate a man's cerebral or spinal fluid and thereby affect the workings of his brain, most shell shock was not brought on by shells, and its onset could be so slow and subtle that it could hardly be called shock. The extreme stress of living in such dreadful conditions, constantly in grave danger, coupled with the horrific sights soldiers endured in battle, wore at the sanity of every soldier on the line. Most doctors and officers regarded the condition as a fault of character rather than trauma, and men who suddenly were unfit for duty were seen as weak or cowards.

Furthermore, there was a great difficulty in defining a case of shell shock, as its symptoms varied from man to man and the point at which men would "crack up" was always different. Records of shell shock are therefore vague and few. When exactly did fatigue become neurosis? How shocked was shell shocked? Also, there was often not enough space to house all of the men who complained of shell shock, so most were turned away and their cases were never reported, especially not during battles. Officers were better treated, often granted leave or housed up to a month in special recovery centers. Line soldiers, however, were sent to special field hospitals, where they received no psychiatric care and only earned the stigma of having spent time in a shock ward. Officers seemed less susceptible, and would often wait until they were on leave to "crack up," sustained in the field by the burden of their responsibility to their men.

**Rules:** Any soldier who suffers half or more of his hit points from an artillery explosion is subject to physiological or "neurasthenic" shell shock. This condition should be treated by keepers and players as if it were an indefinite insanity, except as regards its cure. Shell shocked soldiers are plagued with tiredness, irritability, giddiness, an inability to concentrate, and headaches. The symptoms often take days to manifest and gradually increase in intensity until the soldier can no longer function. Some treatment for the condition is available; a doctor who succeeds in a **Medicine roll** can prescribe medication which will help offset the symptoms but never completely alleviate them. For psychological shell shock, see the section below. **End.**

## Sanity Loss

The rules for sanity loss, temporary insanity and indefinite insanity are unchanged from the revised *Call of Cthulhu* rules. The following lists and tables give keepers guidelines in developing the unique opportunities for madness offered by the Great War. Also, the rules for "Getting Used to Awfulness" (*Call of Cthulhu* 5.5, pp. 71-72) are absolutely vital, but with some modification. While a hardened veteran may get used to seeing dead bodies or men dying horribly, the fact that his own death could come at any moment still haunts him. Hardened soldiers should still make **SAN checks** for witnessing a grisly death. Success indicates no SAN loss, while a failure means only 1 point is lost.

Alternatives for a number of different standard insanity charts follow.

## World War I Poison Gas Data

| *gas* | *POT* | *onset time* | *damage rate* | *symptoms* |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Chlorine | 14 | 30 seconds | 3 pts/day | Blindness, burning in eyes & throat, asphyxiation. |
| Phosgene | 16 | 1-2 minutes | 5 pts/hour | Convulsions, vomiting blood, blindness. |
| Mustard | 21* | 1-12 hours | 1 pt/2 days | Blindness, nausea, vomiting, blistering. |

**Does 1D6 additional blistering damage.*

### SAMPLE SANITY LOSSES

| *loss* | *cause* |
|---|---|
| 0/1D2 * | Each tour of duty in the front trenches. 1D3 checks must be made per tour, with a minimum of 1 point lost automatically. |
| 0/1D3 | Each hour spent on the receiving end of a heavy artillery barrage. Can also damage Listen scores by as much as 10 points. |
| 0/1 | Going on patrol, in continual danger for hours on end. |
| 0/1D3 | Being hit by a flame thrower. |
| 1/1D4* | Getting gassed. Exposure results in automatic failure. |
| 1/1D6 | Taking damage from gas. |
| 0/1D6 | Fighting in a defensive battle. |
| 1/1D4 | Going "over the top" into enemy fire. |
| variable | Attacking in battle. |
| 0/1D6 | Seeing a buddy killed. |
| 0/1D2+ | Witnessing a gruesome death (depending on circumstances might be as high as 1/1D6+1). |

*An asterisk (*) indicates that a soldier cannot get used to these situations; they will always prompt SAN checks.*

### TEMPORARY INSANITY TABLE (roll 1D10 or choose)

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 | Catatonia |
| 2 | Delusion/Hallucinations |
| 3-4 | Frenzy |
| 5-7 | Zombification |
| 8-9 | Hysterics |
| 10 | Stupefaction |

***Catatonia:*** the soldier can stand but has no will or interest; may be led or forced to simple actions, but may take no independent action.

***Delusions/Hallucinations:*** the soldier's mind imposes an order upon the chaos around him, imposing conditions on himself or others that do not exist. Delusions can take many forms; perhaps the soldier is invisible, or bullet proof, or has changed into a bird and can simply fly away. These delusions allay the soldier's fear of imminent death, while others, like the invincibility or inhumanity of the enemy, only add to the terror. Hallucinations often accompany delusions to reinforce their validity, but can come on their own. Keepers are encouraged to go wild; the enemy troops (or perhaps the friendly ones!) transform into monsters, lakes of blood, the walking dead. The soldier might catch glimpses of friends eating the steaming dead, the entrails of a fallen comrade writhing forward and attacking like snakes, etc.

***Frenzy:*** the murderous beast in the heart of the civilized soldier bursts free, and the frenzied soldier engages in a orgy of destruction. Frenzied men will run about, killing all foes present, then turn on their friends, shouting that it's all so beautiful. Frenzied men tend to club their foes until their rifles break, then attack tooth and nail, killing with their bare hands if need be. Frenzied soldiers are immune to pain. Note that killing friends while frenzied can further damage the victim's SAN when he recovers.

***Zombification:*** the most common battlefield neurosis, almost universal among men who charge into enemy fire. The soldier's mind, so overwhelmed with the prospect of certain death, short circuits the entire concept of self, leaving the soldier a sullen automaton who goes through the motions of attacking, only vaguely aware of his surroundings or his body.

***Hysterics:*** raw, mortal terror. The soldier either falls into a quivering heap or flees for all he's worth.

***Stupefaction:*** soldier assumes the foetal position, and is oblivious to all events.

## Indefinite Insanity

A soldier who goes indefinitely insane will also suffer temporary insanity as the symptom of his crack-up. For example, a soldier finally goes over the deep end and flies into a frenzy, then comes out of it only to find that he can't even remember his own name. The temporary insanity should flow into the indefinite one as the temporary condition expires.

Below are a number of suggested indefinite insanities. It should not be used as a table to roll on. They are simply suggestions that a keeper should mull over before making a choice. Particularly appropriate insanities for World War I are italicized. Options not on this table could also be used.

### SUGGESTED INDEFINITE INSANITIES

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 | Amnesia |
| 2 | *Hysteric Affliction* |
| 3 | Catatonia |
| 4 | Criminal Psychosis |
| 5 | Paranoia |
| 6 | *Phobias* |
| 7 | Schizophrenia |
| 8 | Obsession/Addiction/Tremors |
| 9 | Multiple Personalities |
| 10 | *Shell Shock* |

***Amnesia:*** the soldier is bereft of memory, possibly selectively. He usually remembers languages and physically based skills, but not intellectual skills. Names and knowledge of friends, family, and enemies are lost first.

***Hysteric Affliction:*** the soldier is somehow disabled, yet there is nothing medically wrong with him. Eyes that have seen too much now refuse to see anything at all. Ears may make themselves deaf. Soldiers can also suffer dumbness (loss of speech), or even be crippled, losing control of their legs or arms. Some soldiers contract psychosomatic illnesses which incapacitate them. Note that the soldier has no control over these conditions.

***Catatonia:*** see temporary insanities, left.

***Criminal Psychosis:*** the calm belief that human beings are absolutely separate from one another, and that social links such as love, truth, friendship, and compassion are

lies told essentially for personal gain. Life has no meaning. The perception made, temptations such as bullying, theft, fraud, or murder become simple calculations concerning the likelihood of being caught.

***Paranoia:*** the soldier trusts no one, not even his fellows. He cowers in trenches, sits with his back to the wall, enters rooms last, always checks food for poison, and scrutinizes every gesture and comment for secret intent. The paranoid is particularly threatened by people who seem different in some way. He may not admit these feelings, instead secretly developing elaborate rituals of protections and schemes for revenge.

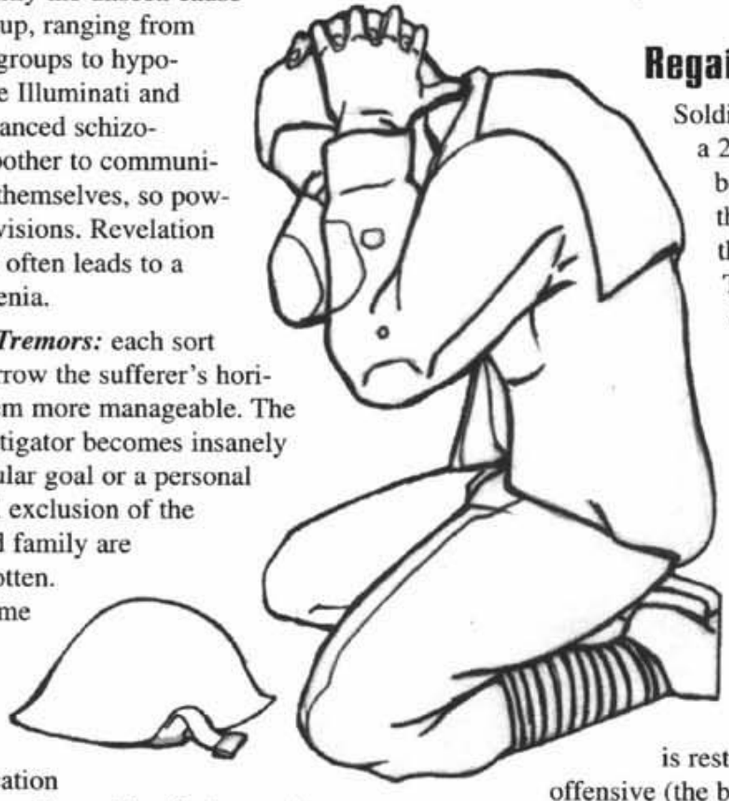
***Phobias:*** the soldier gains 1-6 phobias which range in severity from cold sweats to screaming, convulsing fits. Soldiers may jump at loud noises for the rest of their lives. Common soldier phobias are astraphobia (which extends to the fear of any sudden, loud noise), ballistophobia (for obvious reasons), claustrophobia (from all the time spent in cramped dugouts), hematophobia, iatrophobia (medical treatments sometimes seem worse than the wounds), monophobia, necrophobia, pyrophobia, scotophobia, and xenophobia.

***Schizophrenia:*** to great or exclusive extent, the soldier begins to live in a world of private but extremely systematic and well-developed meaning. He knows that all significant events are linked together by a single unseen cause. Understanding the cause seems to reveal all the mysteries of life, whether or not the understanding is wrong-headed. Frequently the unseen cause takes the form of a group, ranging from religious and political groups to hypothetical folk such as the Illuminati and the saucer people. Advanced schizophrenics often do not bother to communicate or to take care of themselves, so powerful are their interior visions. Revelation of the Cthulhu Mythos often leads to a diagnosis of schizophrenia.

***Obsessive, Addiction, Tremors:*** each sort of reaction tends to narrow the sufferer's horizons to ones which seem more manageable. The *obsessive* soldier-investigator becomes insanely occupied with a particular goal or a personal behavior to the general exclusion of the rest of life. Friends and family are ignored; career is forgotten. The sufferer may become insomniac, and experience random fits of manic exhilaration and deep depression. Communication is erratic, often secretive. The *addict* finds meaning and solace in alcohol, opium, methamphetimines, or some other chemical depressant or stimulant, withdrawing more and more to the society of other users. Serious dependence is indicated when the addict commits crimes to sustain the addiction. The sufferer of *tremors* experiences extreme physical symptoms when under stress or in normal situations, perhaps including nervous twitching, ticks, grimaces, spasms, periodic convulsions, vomiting, and excessive perspiration. The victim may consciously bear this cross, or actively deny that anything is wrong, insisting that his former abilities as a marksman, surgeon, etc., are as good as ever.

***Multiple Personalities:*** the soldier is host to his original personality and an increasing number of derived personalities who evolve as strategies in response to or in compensation for perceived inabilities or dysfunctions in the original personality. Though they are modes of behavior and not full personalities, each of the new identities is distinctive and recognizable, is almost always named, and may appear with bewildering quickness. A general emotional quality such as *sweet*, *mericiless*, *pushy*, *childlike*, *angry*, *nurturing*, or *frightened* may be perceived about derived personalities. The more long-term these derivations become, the more rounded and complete they become.

***Shell Shock:*** By far the most common madness, it will later be renamed "combat fatigue" and "post traumatic stress disorder." It can range in symptoms from that of physiological shell shock described above to a lethargic, apathetic state characterized by a vague, wide-eyed, grinning look, to constant, uncontrollable fits of screaming and convulsions. In extreme cases, victims also commonly claw at their eyes and mouths, a grisly side effect.



## Regaining Sanity

Soldiers sent to a shell shock ward have a 20% chance per week committed of being "cured," that is, cut off from the stress of the line long enough for them to get a grip on themselves. Their symptoms may be held in check, but the madness is still all too real. Any failed sanity check in the future brings back the symptoms, for a period of time rolled on the Temporary Insanity Table. If the soldier goes temporarily insane, the indefinite insanity returns in a full relapse.

Getting to go home on leave (an option only available, alas, to European soldiers before the end of the war) restores 1D6 points of SAN as the soldier's faith in life is restored. Likewise, surviving a major offensive (the battle of the Somme, the Meuse-Argonne offensive, etc) should also restore 1D6 points of sanity. The news, in early November 1918, of the armistice and the end to hostilities restores lD10 more points of SAN. ■

# Appendix Handouts

Following are a large number of handouts to be used during the running of *No Man's Land*. They are divided up into three sections: Player's Handouts, Keeper's Handouts, and Pregenerated Characters.

## Player's Handouts

The player's handouts are on pp. 51-59, running from newspaper to newspaper. They are intended to be given to the soldiers at specific points in the adventure.

**#1. September 30, 1918 Newspaper.** An optional handout which can be distributed at the start of the game.

**#2. Mural One.** The first of three pictorial handouts depicting the lloigors' cavern, as described on pp.16-21.

**#3. Mural Two.** The second handout depicting the lloigors' cave.

**#4. The Altar.** A drawing of the altar, showing the petrified priest and also the weird designs upon the altar itself.

**#5. First Book Entry.** The first of three handouts related to the *Chronicle* described on pp. 28-29. Written in Latin.

**#6. Second Book Entry.** Another entry written in Latin.

**#7. Book Synopses.** Synopses of two further entries, written in French.

**#8. Martin's Story.** Two handouts describing Earl Martin's knowledge of the Cthulhu Mythos. #8a should be used if Martin is a player character, #8b if he is a keeper character. The appropriate handout should be distributed after the revelations of Handouts #5-7.

**#9. November 12, 1918 Newspaper.** Another optional handout, this one describing the end of the war. Intended for the end of the adventure.

## Keeper's Handouts

These handouts are intended to make it easier for a keeper to quickly and efficiently run *No Man's Land*. They appear on pp. 60-66.

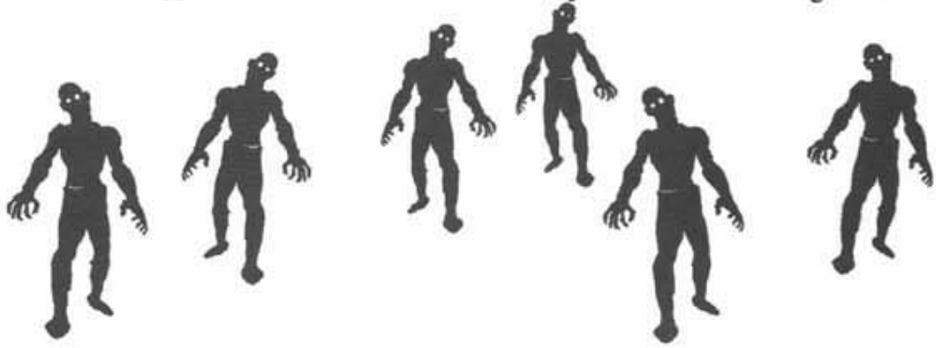
**#1. Infantry Charge Results Table.** A chart used for the combat described on pp. 14-15, but also applicable for other World War I battles.

**#2. Compiled Statistics (3 pages).** All of the monster and cultist stats required to run this adventure.

**Keeper Quick-Ref (3 pages).** A set of quick-reference rules sheets designed to introduce players to the most important systems of *Call of Cthulhu*, and to help keepers quickly run the game. The three pages concern combat, insanity, and skills and other basic rolls.

## Pregenerated Characters

A set of pregenerated characters, on pp. 67-78, conclude this book. See p. 6 for notes on using them versus home-grown characters. ■



# THE NEW YORK HERALD

PRICE: Paris and France, 20c.; Abroad, 30c. EUROPEAN EDITION—PARIS, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1918 PRIX: Paris et France, 20c.; Etranger, 30c.


# BIG ADVANCES MADE ON ALL FRONTS: AMERICANS ATTACK HINDENBURG LINE; DIXMUDE AND MESSINES RIDGE FALL IN GREAT ANGLO-BELGIAN ONSLAUGHT

## BRITISH IN CAMBRAI; CAPTURE OF WHOLE TOWN IS IMMINENT

### Scheldt Canal Is Forced in British-American Drive—Belgians Three Miles from Roulers.

Magnificent news of victory continues to flow in from every active front from Belgium to Palestine.

In the north, King Albert's forces with General Plumer's British army cooperating, have won a series of brilliant successes, smashing up the German front north of Ypres and advancing several miles to within a short distance from Roulers. Taking Dixmunde, the Belgians have advanced nearly five miles to the east and captured Zarren. Among other localities captured are Terrest, Stadenberg and Poelcappello and the famous Pasechan-daelo Ridge is being turned in brilliantly executed operations.

More to the south General the United States Army, attacked the Hindenberg line on a front of 6,000 yards at apoint where the Scheldt Canal passes under a tunnel. With great dash the American troops advanced to the assault of these defences, and on the right seized Bellicourt and Nauroy. On the left hard fighting continues in the neighborhood of Bony.

On the centre of our attack English troops took Villers-Guislain.

New Zealed troops cleared the Welsh Ridge and after having broken an enemy counter-attack they pursued their advance and seized La Vacquerie and the spur which runs from Bonay to Masnières.

During this time the 62nd Division, having assured the passages of the Scheldt Canal, continued its ad-

## AMEXES AT GRIPS WITH THE ENEMY IN WEST ARGONNE

### In Face of Most Bitter and Stubborn Opposition They

between Verdun and the western edge of the Argonne, the Americans are engaged

Germans have for two days been hurrying reinforcements to check the advance

## ALLIED COMMANDER RECEIVES BULGARIAN PEACE DELEGATES

### Mission from Sofia Reaches Salonica to Confer with General Franchet d'Esperey

The French Ministry of Foreign Affairs issued the following Note yesterday evening:—

"The Bulgarian 'parlementaires,' M. Liapcheff, Minister of Finance; General Lukoff, commanding the second army, and M. Radeff, former Minister, arrived on Saturday evening at Salonica in order to negotiate conditions for an armistice.

"General Franchet d'Esperey receives them to-day (Sunday)."

The Note also defines the present situation as follows:—

"As contradictory and, on certain points, inexact reports on Bulgarian affairs are circulating on different sides

cesses. Our troops, driving the enemy before them, are now on the Plateliavitza, near Tzarev-Selo, Sveti-Nikola, and nort of Veles.

Great fires are seen in the environs of Skoplie (Uksub).

According to an approximate estimate, the Serbian army alone has captured about 160 guns so far, without counting trench guns.

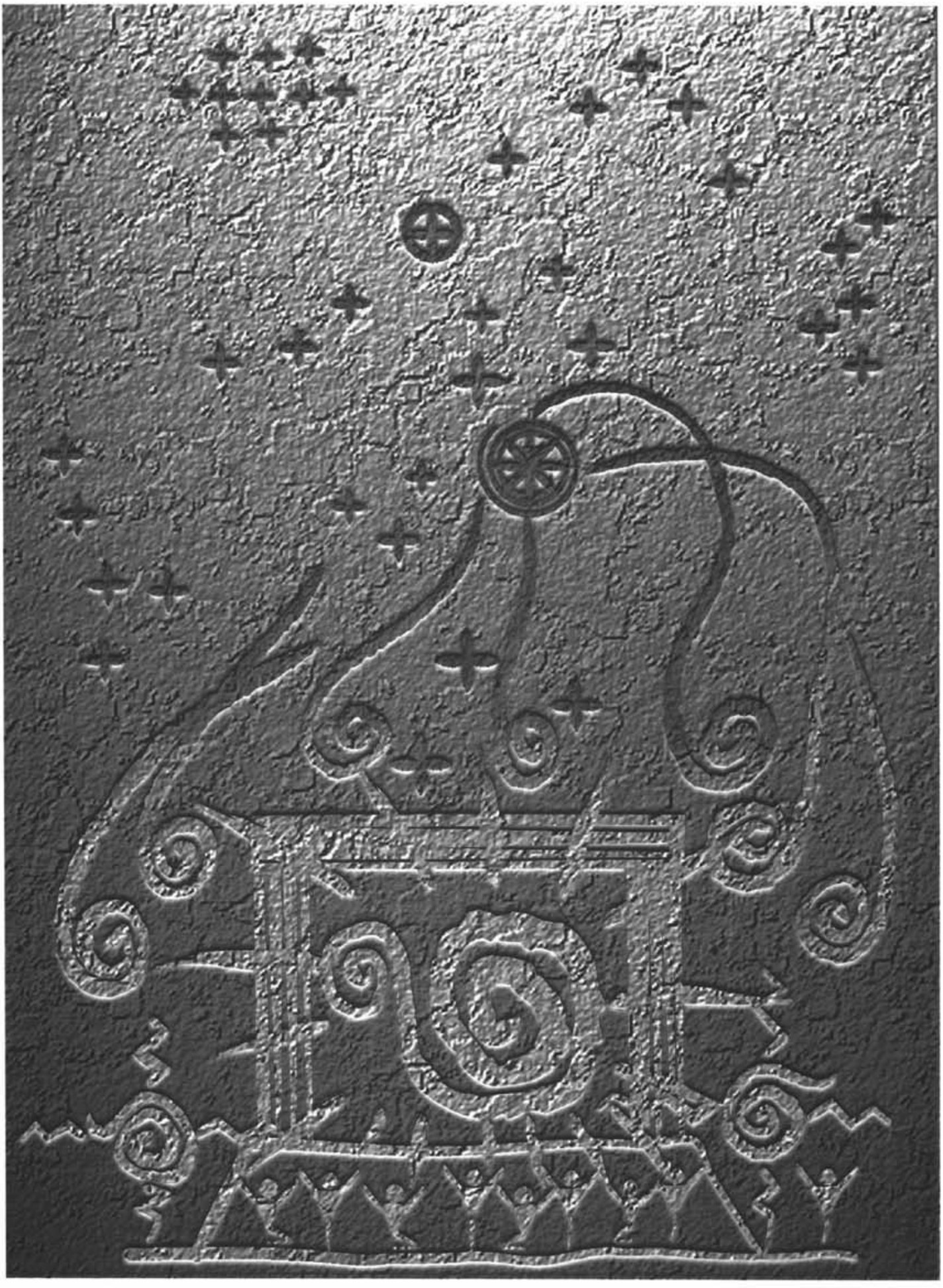
## *Enemy Swept from Jordan Passage: 50,000 Prisoners*

LONDON, Sunday—The following communiqué from Palestine has been issued to the War Office:—

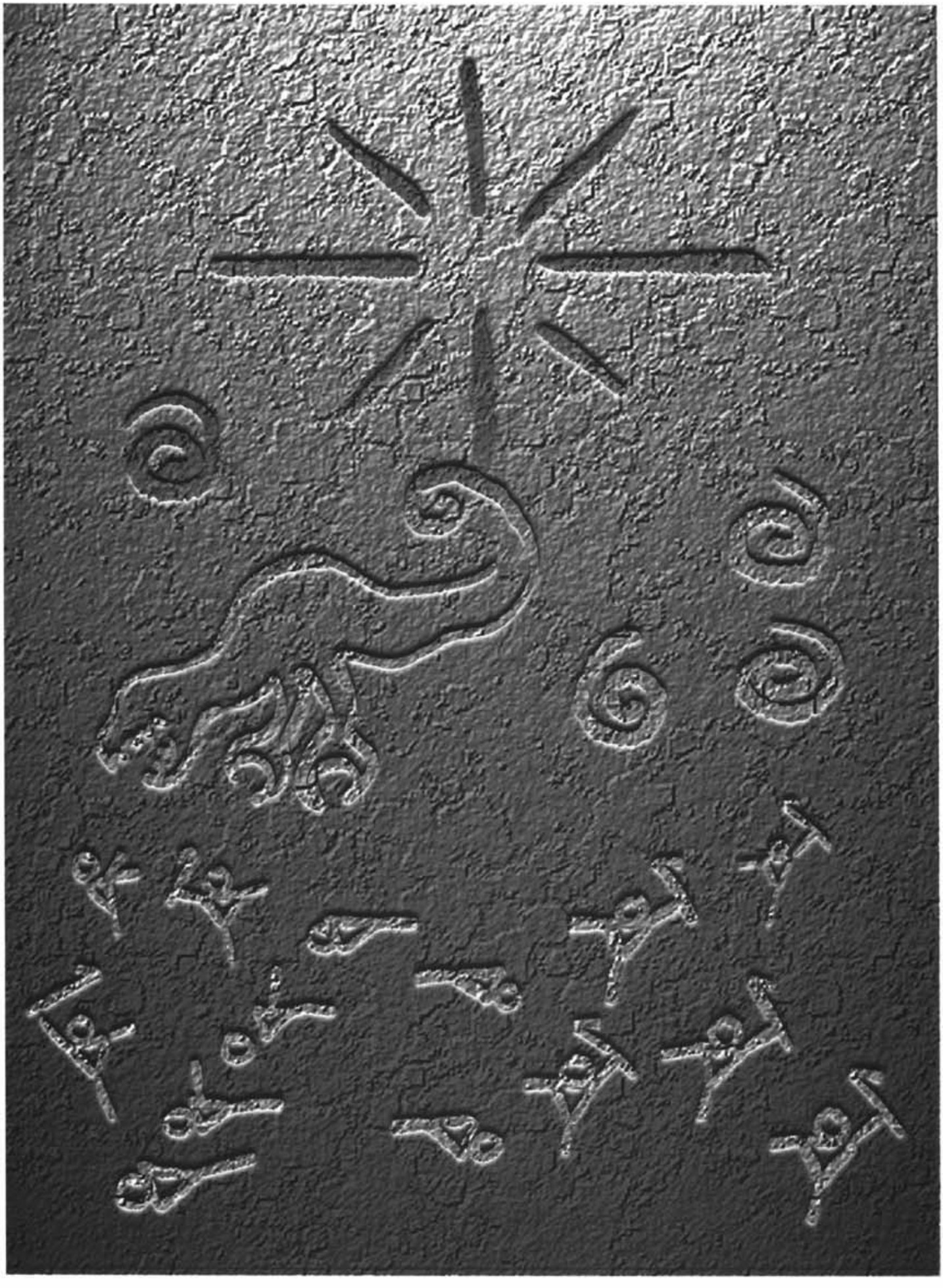
During Friday the enemy offered some resistance in the region to the north of Lake Tiberias, occupying the upper Jordanian passages at Jisr and Er Renie, athwart the roads toward Mezerib and

Player's Handout #1

*Player's Handout #2*



*Player's Handout #3*



*Player's Handout #4*

And Sygarius, King of the Romans, was much distressed at the words of the messengers. The son of Childeric, Clovis, King of Franks, had overcome the garrison at Tetry and stood uncontested in the countryside. Sygarius roused his armies, but was eight months in the readying. Before he met the Frank at Soussons the army of Clovis did much mischief in the land, and great ills did befall the people. For Clovis did not recognize the One True God, and did worship at false, pagan idols. The henchman of the pagan king did great mischief unto the folk of all Nuestria, and warlocks arose, the which did spread great evil, even unto the lands of our dear abbey. These things came to pass when Martin of Chartres, may everlasting God grant peace unto his soul, did preside over the folk of Farault and Sante Michael as abbot, in the year of our Lord four hundred and eighty-six. The people of Farault were greatly distressed when a plague was visited them in autumn, after harvestide. The evil did strike by night, killing the aged or young as they slept, and no amount of prayer or vigilance might keep the evil spirits away. As Hallowmass drew nigh, many more fell to the most strange sickness, and the folk of Farault all complained of a fatigue which lay upon them like a measure of lead. The plague devils left no mark upon the dead save to make their visage ashen, and marked under the eyes and at the neck. Tales came unto abbot Martin of missing livestock, and a coven of witches that did frolick and minister black masses around a great black standing stone which was known of in ill rumor. These witches, the people said, moved unseen by night and drank the humors of the innocents, stealing their blood and so killing them. Then abbot Martin saw a vision, and in his vision a great pestilence spread across the land, and from its corruption was born a great Serpent. The Serpent did raise a great stone pillar, and did then break the great seals that John the Prophet had writ of, and so did call the Beast from beneath the sea, which would destroy the World. Abbot Martin was sorely troubled by this vision, and sent word to the bishop at Rheims, and did entreat him for his aid. The bishop did send a friar to Farault, who said that the vision was of God, a prophesy of ills to come. The friar also said a priest had been sent for who would render succor unto the abbot and his people. A priest did venture unto the abbey, one Nickolai by name, who had traveled much of the wide world under the grace of God, and who had confronted The Deceiver in many guises. Nickolai did question the folk of Farault about the nature of the pestilence and the sorceries dealt by the warlocks of the Black Stone, and then did cloister himself long within his cell, praying to our Lord for divine wisdom and guidance and also reading various bookes which he had brought with him. One day brother Guiarme did go unto Nickolai's cell and read some of the booke he found there, whereupon he did scream and fall into a swoon. There was great wonder at this, and the abbot called Nickolai before him. Nickolai spake of the book, saying, this book is writ of the very stuff of foulness and damnation. Long ago, a Persian prophet of Lucifer did pen within it the gospels of the deceiver. Much blasphemy and temptation is writ therein, the matter so vile that only the strongest men of faith might read of it and not lose their immortal souls. Abbot Martin did ask of him the name of this strange book, and Nickolai did name it Al Azif. Abbot Martin then spake, saying that the book was a tool of evil, and should be consigned to fire in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ before great ill should issue therefrom. But Nickolai did object with great force, saying that the servants of Satan did often weave the seeds of their own undoing in their wickedness, and men that knew the ways of the Beast might better thwart the schemes of the fiend. So it was with the witches of the Black Stone, spake Nickolai. In the foul booke had he found the true nature of the demons which plagued farault, and also the means to exorcise them. Abbot Martin was much troubled, but bade Nickolai speak on. Nickolai read long from the Arab booke, then read a chant which might unbind the power of the demons, which the Arab named Loi-gore. Long had they slumbered in Hell, deep in the earth, until the strife and pain of Clovis and his war roused them unto earth, where they do walk unseen, stealing the very souls of the innocent whilst they sleep or smiting their enemies in great conflagrations of brimstone. Nickolai went to the Black Stone. Where the pagans and their demon friends even then sought to rouse the Beast through their black rites. Nickolai stood firm, and did make the chant writ in the Arab booke. The demons made a great wind and storm of fire, but Nickolai stood firm in the strength of the Lord. Then did the demons call a great serpent from the earth, a dragon, that made great destruction, but Nickolai stood unmoved. He finished the verse, and the demons did flee back unto Hell, and the serpent was undone, and the pagans did meet holy retribution, may it please the Lord our God and his only begotten Son, Jesus Christ, King of Kings.

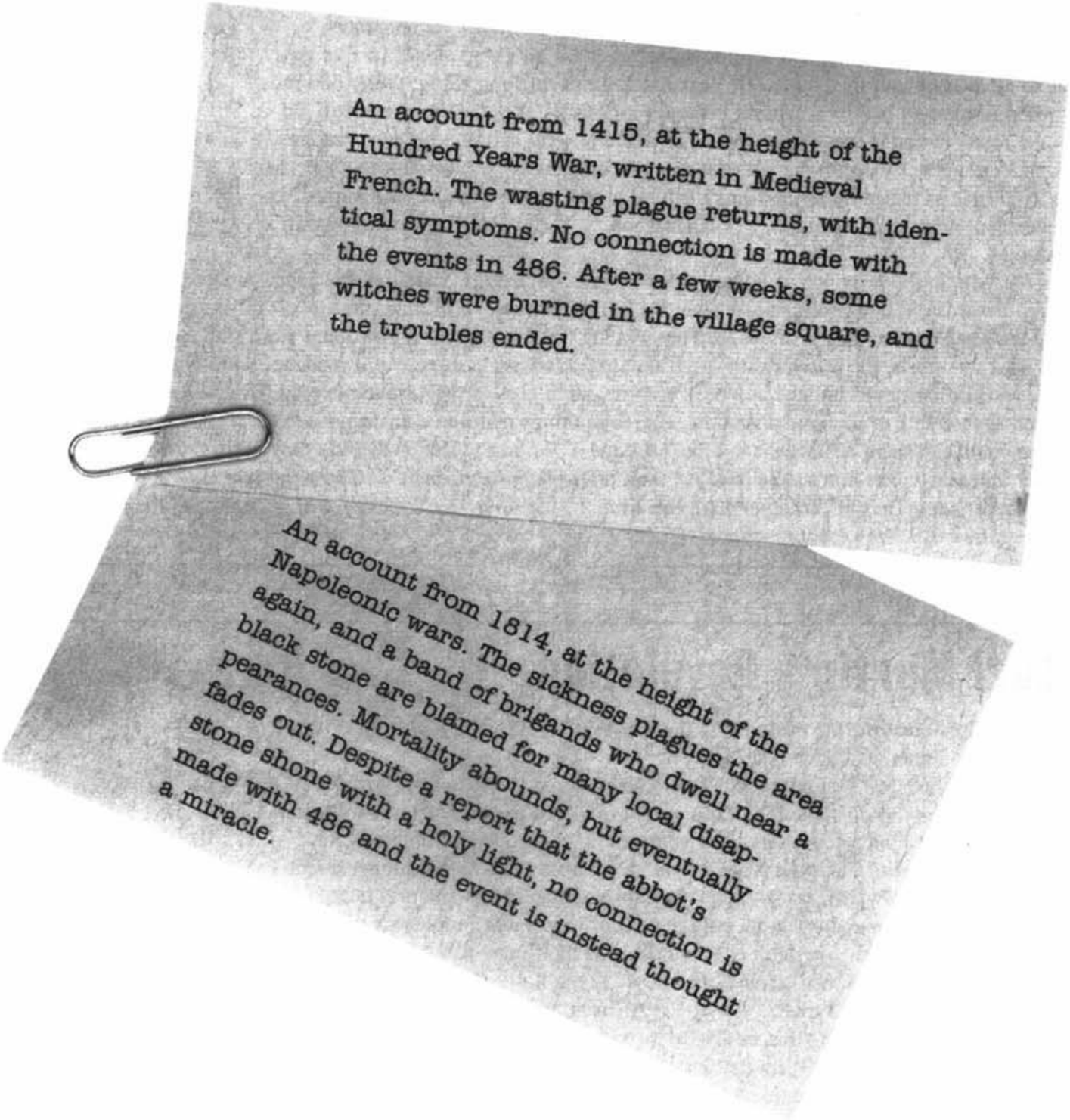
Nickolai then did depart, but left a Jewel which he said was Greek, and would shine with green fire should the Loi-gore come near again. Brother Meynard did copy the pages from the Arab book so that the means to defeat the demons might abide with the abbots of Farault. So was the pestilence lifted. May god the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit be praised, in the year of our lord four hundred and eighty-six.

From The Arab Book Al Azif.
As Translated And Writ By
Meynard Of Lourdes:

Of old at Kaitin-al Quirazad did a mighty wizard learn great power from demons which dwelt in the earth there. Long have they slept, and Katal did rouse them to waking when he did slaughter the folk of Bayal. The anguish of the dying as they slowly roasted was heard by the demons, and they did think the tears of the dying sweeter than any honey. The demons did roam in the land by night, drinking the souls of sleepers that they fell ill or did die. Katal did learn to speak unto them, and did learn their name, which is Lo-ai-gorr. From the stars had they come when the world was young, and in ancient Mu did they enslave the peoples of the earth. In the lands of Aquilonia and the wild woods beyond they ruled a great empire, and did make the men of those lands raise great stones in lines and circles in reverence to them. Strange marks like leprosy did they place upon their worshipers in punishment, and they did cause great conflagrations of fire which did smite their enemies. Formless are they, and unseen, spirits which no wall may bar. Tales of the ancients speak of the Lo-ai-gorr taking dread shapes when in time of need, but such feats did greatly weary them. The Lo-ai-gorr were driven from the earth in the time of Tesh by their slaves, as human joy is their bane. In deep caverns they wait, drawn by pain and suffering to drink new souls. Much did they teach Katal of the folk of Revllk and Foreen, and from them did he learn mighty magics. Finally, Latal did learn of the Lo-ai-gorr a great secret, that the unseen ones did venerate a god, a great daemon chained beneath the black volcano in mu, the beast Ghatanothoa, which they taught the men of Mu to venerate. The beast they call their lord strains at his bonds, longing to roam the world again, as he did when the great ones of R'lyeh did walk freely on the earth. So hideous is its visage that all men who see him, Dread lord of the Volcano, are turned unto stone, yet their brain still lives in imprisoned madness, tortured by undying memories of the foulness that is Ghatanothoa. Long have the Lo-ai-gorr toiled to free him, but the race of man is too abundant, and their power has waned therefore. In caves below the ground their power flows freer. Beware pits and ravines! In times of strife they rise from their cold caverns to drink the souls of sleepers, drawing power that might rend the chains that bind their god and send its hulk roaming. Surely that would be the end of men, as none might withstand him. Katal helped the lo-ai-gorr in the summoning. And dread Ghatanothoa stirred, but the misery of his tyranny was not enough, and so the way was not opened, yet Katal did see a vision of the lord of the volcano and was turned to stone. Still he sits in the caves Atal-Quiraad, his terror undying. Still did the demons plague the lands. A Hermit in the wastes did then come a spake a great chant which did break the demons power, a chant which reads thus:

Ad sithad walyah-sikkad,
Nuth akkash loygor mishtead!
Kith sukko tayish ak-etto,
Gee esh tal aikik dao loth!

# There are two other marked passages



An account from 1415, at the height of the Hundred Years War, written in Medieval French. The wasting plague returns, with identical symptoms. No connection is made with the events in 486. After a few weeks, some witches were burned in the village square, and the troubles ended.

An account from 1814, at the height of the Napoleonic wars. The sickness plagues the area again, and a band of brigands who dwell near a black stone are blamed for many local disappearances. Mortality abounds, but eventually fades out. Despite a report that the abbot's stone shone with a holy light, no connection is made with 486 and the event is instead thought a miracle.

*Player's Handout #8a*

# Earl Martin's Story

As you finish reading the passages in the *Chronicle*, Martin's face darkens. That haunted look is in his eyes now more than ever. He runs a shaky hand through his hair, then speaks in a quivering voice.

"Ghatanathoa. . . . My God. I never really believed . . . and yet somehow, I knew it was all true. We've got to do something. We've got to stop this. I've never told anybody about this, but a few years back I was in Hong Kong, doing odd jobs, when I found a book by a scholar named Von Junzt. It was the strangest stuff I'd ever read—weird, crazy things about pre-human myths and non-human creatures, and alien gods. I thought that all of it was just an allegory, a metaphor to show that anything is as plausible as the flimsy natural laws we've fabricated and named science. But now . . . the lloigor . . . Ghatanathoa. . . . My God! They are all real. It's all true.

"In Mu, in the province of K'naa, there's a great mountain, Yaddith-Gho. There, under the ruins of a city that was old before the rise of man, the lord of the volcano sleeps, the Great Old One who the people of Mu rendered human sacrifices to. That was 200,000 years ago, if Von Junzt was right. But all this—the voices, the winds, the poor priest . . . . If the lloigor are real, the rest of it must be, Shub-Niggurath and all the rest! I didn't even believe any of it, and the damn book nearly drove me mad. Ever since I read it, it's been as though I'm living in a shadow. There are things that move unseen, forces at work we never see. One could call them destiny. Fate. I can't escape it. We can't. This is the war they need, the worst war man ever unleashed. The horror, the pain . . . they're growing strong with it. God, their whispers! I can almost still hear them. They're strong enough this time, I can feel it. The Prisoner will be unbound, the God will quake the earth. We've got to stop it."

*Player's Handout #8b*

# Earl Martin's Revelation

As you finish reading the passages in the *Chronicle*, you feel a jolt of fear run down your spine.

Ghatanathoa. . . . You never really believed . . . and yet somehow it really all is true. You've got to do something. You've got to stop this. You've never told anybody about this, but a few years back you were in Hong Kong, doing odd jobs, when you found a book by a scholar named Von Junzt. It was the strangest stuff you'd ever read—weird, crazy things about pre-human myths and non-human creatures, and alien gods. You thought that all of it was just an allegory, a metaphor to show that anything is as plausible as the flimsy natural laws that have been fabricated and named science. But now . . . the lloigor . . . Ghatanathoa. . . . They are all real. It's all true.

You remember reading that in Mu, in the province of K'naa, there's a great mountain, Yaddith-Gho. There, under the ruins of a city that was old before the rise of man, the lord of the volcano sleeps, the Great Old One who the people of Mu rendered human sacrifices to. That was 200,000 years ago, if Von Junzt was right. But all this—the voices, the winds, the poor priest . . . . If the lloigor are real, the rest of it must be, Shub-Niggurath and all the rest! You didn't even believe any of it, and the damn book nearly drove you mad. Ever since you read it, it's been as though you're living in a shadow. There are things that move unseen, forces at work you never see. One could call them destiny. Fate. You can't escape it. No one can. This must be the war they need, the worst war man ever unleashed. The horror, the pain . . . they're growing strong with it. God, their whispers! You can almost still hear them. They're strong enough this time, you can feel it. The Prisoner will be unbound, the God will quake the earth. You've got to stop it.

# THE NEW YORK HERALD

PRICE: Paris and France, 20c.; Abroad, 30c. EUROPEAN EDITION—PARIS, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1918 PRIX: Paris et France, 20c.; Etranger, 30c.


# THE WAR IS WON!

## (OFFICIAL.) *The Armistice was signed on Monday Morning at 5.40. Hostilities were suspended at 11 o'clock*

**Armistice Conditions Place Strangle-hold on Germany, Calling for Immediate Evacuation of All Invaded Territory and of Alsace-Lorraine; Allies' Occupation of Both Banks of Rhine, with Garrisons at Mainz, Coblentz, and Cologne; Surrender of 5,000 Guns, 25,000 Machine-Guns, 1,700 Aeroplanes, 26 Big Warships, 50 Destroyers, All Submarines; Free Passage Through Cattegat; Repatriation of All Prisoners, without Reciprocity.**

### INHABITANTS OF PARIS! VICTORY!

As soon as the news of the signing of the armistice was known in official circles yesterday morning, the Paris Municipal Council sent out, to be posted all over the city, a stirring appeal to the population to celebrate the greatest victory ever won. How Paris responded to the appeal is told in a special article elsewhere. The poster reads as follows:—

"Inhabitants of Paris!"

"Victory! Triumphant Victory!" On all fronts the defeated enemy has laid down his arms. Blood will now cease to flow.

"Let Paris throw off the noble reserve for which it has been admired by the whole world.

### DEPUTIES ACCLAIM PREMIER AT MOVING CHAMBER SESSION

M. Clemenceau's Reading of Armistice Terms and Speech Stir All to Enthusiasm

The Chamber of Deputies yesterday afternoon was the scene of a manifestation which can never be forgot-

*The men who have led the Allied Armies to victory: the great chief, Marshal Foch, surrounded by the King of the Belgians (bottom, left), Field Marshall Sir Douglas Haig (top, left), General John J. Pershing (top, right) and General Diaz (bottom. right).*

### Pealing of Church Bells and Boom of Cannon Announce to Parisians the Signature of Armistice and Victorious End of War—News Fires Capital With Frenzied Joy—Seething Multitudes Swarm Through Streets and Boulevards, Singing "Marseillaise" and Acclaiming Triumph of Allied Armies

The armistice is signed! Germany has capitulated! The war is won! A thousand church bells clanged out the news in joyous peals at eleven o'clock yesterday morning, while 1,200 guns told in thundering tones of the victorious end to the war. People who happened to be in the central quarters of the city had already heard

ing. The Hôtel de Ville was rapidly covered with the Allied colors, and the banks and other establishments as well as private buildings in every quarter of the city were by now ablaze with bunting.

M. Clemenceau, the Grand Old Man of France, received the congratulations of the whole Cabinet during the

Player's Handout #9

# Infantry Charge Results Table

*50% chance of an event each combat round.*
*Roll 2D6, modified. Event happens on a DEX rank of 2D6+3.*

| ***Roll*** | ***Event*** |
|---|---|
| 0- | A severed head rolls up to you, and you find yourself staring into its terrified face! Lose 1/lD6 SAN. |
| 1 | A wounded soldier crawls up to you. "Help . . . me . . . ." he croaks, then vomits blood all over you! Lose 1/lD2 SAN. |
| 2 | Hit with shrapnel, suffer loss of 1D4 hit points in damage. |
| 3 | You see a man flung twenty feet into the air by an explosion (l/lD2 SAN). |
| 4 | A nearby soldier takes a machine gun burst to his midriff, falling in two pieces. Lose 1/lD4 SAN. |
| 5 | Splattered by dirt, blood, and steaming entrails. Lose 1/lD6 SAN. |
| 6 | You see a comrade staggering around with half his face shot away. Lose 1/lD6 SAN. |
| 7 | Hit with shrapnel. You lose 1D3 hit points for the wound, then lose 1/lÐ6 SAN when you discover the bloody fragments of someone's jawbone sticking out of your arm! |
| 8 | A legless man lies screaming in your path. Lose 1/lD3 SAN. |
| 9 | A headless corpse falls across your path. Lose 1/lD3 SAN. |
| 10 | You step inside the abdomen of a dead soldier. He screams! Lose 1/1D4 SAN. |
| 11 | A nearby soldier's head explodes. Lose 1/lD4 SAN. |
| 12 | A grenade explodes a few yards away. You suffer loss of 1D6 hit points and are knocked off your feet, stunned for 1D3 rounds. |
| 13 | A nearby soldier is blown to bits. Lose 1/lD3 SAN. |
| 14 | You're knocked down by a flying object, suffer 1D2 damage. Oh, God! It's a severed leg! Lose 1/lD4 SAN. |
| 15 | A bullet hits your helmet, knocking it off your head. The strap catches on your throat, pulling you over. Lose 1/lD3 SAN. |
| 16 | An explosion knocks you off your feet. Another soldier stops to help you up, then his chest explodes in a spray of red! Lose 1/lD3 SAN. |
| 17 | The man in front of you dies, shot through the chest. The bullet bursts through him in a spray of blood and hits you! Take 1D3 damage, lose 0/lD3 SAN. |
| 18 | A severed head bounces down the hill, coming to rest at your feet. Its open eyes stare up at you! Lose 1/lD6 SAN. |
| 19 | A wounded man staggers up to you and tries to speak, instead vomiting blood all over you as he dies. Lose 1/lD2 SAN. |
| 20+ | You're grazed by a stray shot! Suffer 1D6 hit points of damage and fall prone. |

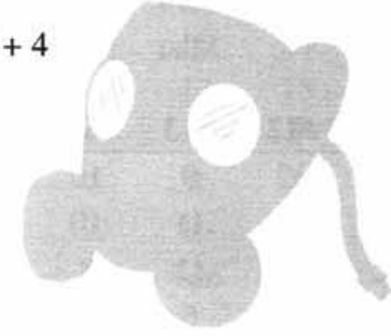
***Modifiers:*** *If hiding behind cover, -10.*
*If firing from cover, -5.*
*If prone in the open, 0.*
*If charging or running, +5.*
*If standing still in the open, +10.*

# Compiled Statistics, Page I

## GERMAN SOLDIERS, The Face of the Enemy

| | #1 | #2 | #3 | #4 | #5 | #6 | #7* | #8 | #9 | #10 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| STR | 11 | 13 | 12 | 15 | 13 | 11 | 15 | 13 | 15 | 15 |
| CON | 15 | 15 | 12 | 13 | 11 | 13 | 14 | 7 | 10 | 11 |
| SIZ | 18 | 17 | 11 | 13 | 13 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 15 | 14 |
| INT | 8 | 16 | 16 | 11 | 10 | 12 | 10 | 11 | 13 | 14 |
| POW | 8 | 16 | 16 | 11 | 10 | 12 | 10 | 11 | 13 | 14 |
| DEX | 11 | 14 | 12 | 18 | 11 | 11 | 15 | 15 | 13 | 15 |
| HP | 17 | 16 | 12 | 13 | 12 | 12 | 13 | 10 | 13 | 13 |
| DB | +D4 | +D4 | — | +D4 | +D4 | — | +D4 | +D4 | +D4 | +D4 |

** An officer, 1st lieutenant*



**Weapons:** .303 Bolt-Action Rifle 40%, damage 2D6 + 4
Bayonet 35%, damage 1D4 + 2 + db
Rifle (as club) 25%, damage 1D8 + db
Punch 50%, damage 1D3 + db
Grapple 25%, damage special
Mauser Pistol* 35%, damage 1D8, 3/round
** Officer only*

**Armor:** 1 point heavy clothing, 2 point helmets.

**Skills:** Hide 35%, Listen 35%, Set Ambush 80%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden 35%.

## GHOULS, Grisly Feasters

| | #1 | #2 | #3 | #4 | #5 | #6 | #7* | #8 | #9 | #10 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| STR | 18 | 15 | 20 | 14 | 18 | 17 | 18 | 20 | 21 | 19 |
| CON | 18 | 16 | 12 | 13 | 18 | 9 | 16 | 13 | 14 | 9 |
| SIZ | 8 | 12 | 12 | 13 | 13 | 17 | 10 | 14 | 14 | 14 |
| INT | 13 | 14 | 12 | 12 | 13 | 12 | 12 | 18 | 13 | 13 |
| POW | 10 | 10 | 15 | 14 | 10 | 17 | 9 | 13 | 14 | 12 |
| DEX | 12 | 12 | 15 | 12 | 8 | 13 | 13 | 10 | 18 | 14 |
| HP | 13 | 14 | 12 | 13 | 15 | 13 | 13 | 13 | 14 | 11 |
| DB | +D4 | +D4 | +D4 | +D4 | +D4 | +D6 | +D4 | +D6 | +D6 | +D6 |

**Weapons:** Claws x2 30%, damage 1D6 + db
Bite* 30%, damage 1D6 + worry

** May attack with both claws and a bite in a combat round. If a ghoul's bite strikes home, then it hangs on instead of using claw attacks and worries the victim with its fangs, continuing to do 1D4 Bite damage automatically. A successful STR against STR Resistance Table roll dislodges the ghoul, ending the Bite damage.*

**Armor:** firearms and projectiles do half of rolled damage, rounded up.

**Skills:** Burrow 75%, Climb 85%, Hide 60%, Jump 75%, Listen 70%, Scent Decay 65%, Sneak 80%, Spot Hidden 50%.

# Compiled Statistics, Page II

**VILLAGERS, Degenerate Servants of the Star Spawn**

| | #1 | #2 | #3 | #4 | #5 | #6 | #7 | #8 | #9 | #10 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| STR | 14 | 13 | 9 | 10 | 12 | 12 | 11 | 13 | 8 | 13 |
| CON | 12 | 12 | 11 | 13 | 9 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 7 | 7 |
| SIZ | 13 | 13 | 16 | 12 | 14 | 14 | 13 | 13 | 8 | 11 |
| APP | 6 | 7 | 4 | 5 | 9 | 10 | 3 | 4 | 15 | 8 |
| INT | 17 | 14 | 14 | 11 | 10 | 11 | 9 | 12 | 14 | 9 |
| POW | 8 | 9 | 10 | 10 | 9 | 6 | 7 | 3 | 14 | 7 |
| DEX | 13 | 13 | 13 | 13 | 12 | 12 | 12 | 11 | 16 | 10 |
| HP | 14 | 13 | 14 | 13 | 12 | 11 | 11 | 12 | 8 | 9 |
| DB | +D4 | +D4 | +D4 | — | +D4 | +D4 | — | — | -D4 | — |
| weapon | Mau | Ptc | Mau | Mau | Ptc | Ptc | Sck | Sck | Rif | Sck |

| | #11 | #12 | #13 | #14 | #15 | #16 | #17 | #18 | #19 | #20 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| STR | 7 | 12 | 9 | 10 | 18 | 14 | 16 | 15 | 13 | 12 |
| CON | 5 | 10 | 11 | 10 | 18 | 10 | 13 | 10 | 12 | 14 |
| SIZ | 9 | 10 | 11 | 8 | 18 | 10 | 11 | 9 | 8 | 13 |
| APP | 9 | 8 | 6 | 9 | 6 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 6 |
| INT | 8 | 11 | 10 | 10 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 9 | 8 | 10 |
| POW | 7 | 8 | 10 | 11 | 9 | 10 | 9 | 6 | 13 | 4 |
| DEX | 10 | 13 | 13 | 12 | 11 | 12 | 17 | 16 | 15 | 13 |
| HP | 7 | 10 | 11 | 9 | 18 | 10 | 12 | 10 | 10 | 14 |
| DB | -D4 | — | — | — | +D6 | — | +D4 | — | — | +D4 |
| weapon | Rif | Mau | Ptc | Ptc | Ptc | Rif | Sck | Ptc | Mau | Sck |

**Weapons:** *All.* Fist 55%, damage 1D3 + db
Kick 50%, damage 1D6 + db
Grapple (all) 45%, damage special
Fighting Knife 30%, damage 1D4 + 2 + db

*Mau.* Mauser Auto Pistol 25%, damage 1D8, 3/rnd
Club with Pistol 35%, damage 1D6 + db

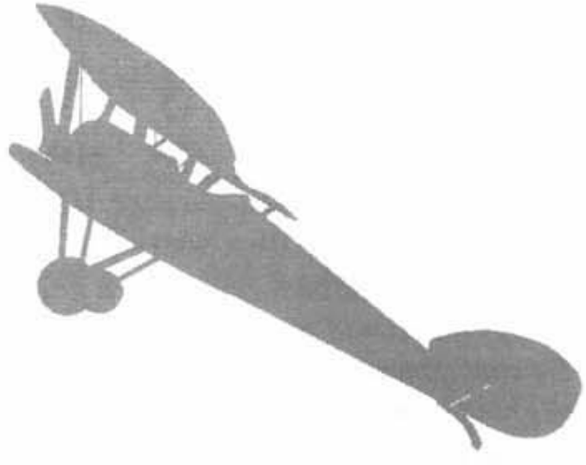
*Rif.* Rifle 25%, damage 2D6 + 4, 1/2 rnd
Bayonet 20%, damage 1D4 + 2 + db

*Ptc.* Pitchfork 35%, damage 1D8 + 2 + db

*Sck.* Sickle 30%, damage 1D8 + db

**Armor:** none.

**Skills:** Climb 50%, Dodge 35%, Hide 50%, Listen 50%, Pick Pocket 15%, Sneak 40%, Throw 40%.



# Compiled Statistics, Page III

## POSSESSED SOLDIER, Doomed Pawn of the Spawn

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| STR as victim, +3 | | CON as victim | SIZ as victim |
| INT 19 | POW 17 | DEX as victim, -5 | HP as victim, +3 |

**Weapons:** Fist 50%, damage lD3 + db
Rifle Butt 20%, damage 1D8 + db
Grapple 25%, damage special (prefers strangling).

**Armor:** As victim's normal armor, but all damage taken before this encounter is ignored.

## ZOMBIES, Mindless Slaves of Evil

| | #1 | #2 | #3 | #4 | #5 | #6 | #7 | #8 | #9 | #10 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| STR | 19 | 15 | 13 | 18 | 16 | 16 | 15 | 24 | 24 | 21 |
| CON | 19 | 25 | 15 | 19 | 21 | 19 | 9 | 18 | 13 | 10 |
| SIZ | 13 | 14 | 14 | 10 | 10 | 14 | 11 | 12 | 15 | 15 |
| POW | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| DEX | 8 | 11 | 9 | 6 | 8 | 7 | 6 | 8 | 8 | 6 |
| HP | 16 | 19 | 14 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 10 | 15 | 14 | 12 |
| DB | +d4 | +d4 | +d4 | +d4 | +d4 | +d4 | +d4 | +d6 | +d6 | +d6 |

**Weapons:** Rifle as club 25%, damage 1D8 + 1 + db

**Armor:** none, but impaling weapons (bullets, bayonets) do 1 point of damage, and all others do one half of rolled damage.

**Sanity Loss:** 1/1D8 SAN (0/4 after seeing the Army of Darkness).

## VILLAGERS, Degenerate Servants of the Star Spawn

*Repeat Villagers 11-20, left, for the ten cultists who are involved in the final ritual.*

## LLOIGOR, the Star Spawn Revealed at Last!

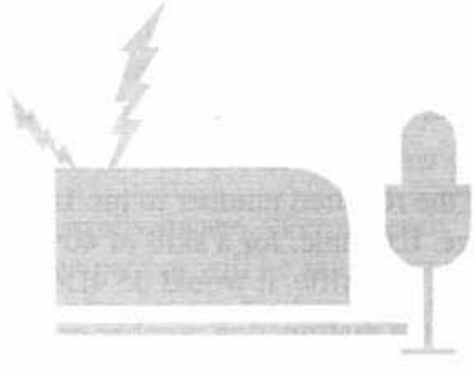
| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| STR 39 | CON 31 | SIZ 50 | INT 27 | POW 17 |
| DEX 12 | | | | HP 40 |

**Damage Bonus:** +5D6

**Weapons:** Claw 30%, damage 6D6
Bite 50%, damage 7D6

**Armor:** 8 point reptilian hide.

**SAN Loss:** 0/lD8 SAN.



# Keeper Quick-Ref: Combat

## The Combat Round

All combat occurs in *combat rounds*, during which time each combatant has time to complete at least one action. The following two phases occur, in order, each combat round:

**1. Aimed and Ready Shots.** All combatants with aimed and ready firearms fire one shot. Order is highest DEX to lowest, with a D100 determining who goes first in cases of ties.

**2. All Other Actions.** Again order all combatants from highest DEX to lowest, and conduct their actions; break ties by rolling a D100. These actions may include: hand-to-hand attacks; combatants with aimed and ready firearms firing a second shot; and combatants who are drawing their pistols or shouldering their rifles firing their first (and only) shot.

**a. Third Shots.** Ready guns rated at three shots/rnd take a third shot at half the shooter's DEX.

## Avoiding Attacks

There are two main ways to avoid attacks, *dodge* and *parry*.

**Dodge.** This may be used to evade blows and thrown objects, provided the defender is aware of them. A defender dodging in a combat round may also *parry*, but not attack.

**Parry.** This may be used to block or divert hand-to-hand attacks. Its skill is equal to the skill percentage held by the defender in the weapon being used. When a parry is successful, the damage done is compared to the hit points of the object. If the damage is greater, the parrying object is destroyed and excess damage is applied to the defender. Otherwise no damage is done to the defender.

- Personal attacks can parry each other.
- Edged or impaling weapons can be parried with hand-to-hand weapons and rifles, large submachine guns or shotguns.

Most swords can attack and parry in the same round. If rifles, shotguns, or submachine guns are used to parry, they can not also attack the same round.

## Important Spot Rules

A number of spot rules exist in the rule book to account for the many possibilities in combat (see *Call of Cthulhu* pp. 52-56). The most vital are noted here.

**Armor.** Subtract the listed armor value from rolled damage before applying it to the defender. Armor itself is not damaged by attacks.

**Bursts.** Some weapons can fire *bursts*. When doing so, determine how many bullets are being fired. Increase the attacker's chance to hit by +5% per bullet, to a maximum of double. The number of shots that hit in a burst is determined by a die roll. For example, if a burst of 8 shots hits, roll 1D8. When firing at multiple targets, allot a number of bullets to each target, then determine the to-hit chance, roll the to-hit, and roll the number of shots that hit for each target separately.

**Impales.** Many weapons can *impale*. An impale occurs whenever the result of an attack is one-fifth or less of the required number to hit. If an impale occurs, roll twice the normal number of dice for damage. Example: for a skill of 40%, an impale occurs on a roll of 8 or less. If that attack was made with a .303 rifle, it would do 4D6+8 damage, instead of the normal 2D6+4.

**Malfunction.** If the malfunction number or above of a weapon is rolled, it cannot fire. Repair takes 1D6 combat rounds plus a successful Mechanical Repair roll or the weapon's skill roll.

# Keeper Quick-Ref: Sanity

## Sanity Terms

*Sanity* is an attribute which represents a soldier's mental soundness. It may never go higher than *Maximum Sanity* which is equal to 99 minus the Cthulhu Mythos skill. Frequently, *SAN loss rolls* will be required in an adventure. They are written as two numbers or rolls separated by a slash: 1/1D4+1, for instance. If an investigator rolls less than or equal to his Sanity, he loses the first amount; otherwise he loses the second amount.

## Temporary Insanity (5 or more Sanity lost on one roll)

Whenever a soldier loses 5 or more Sanity on one roll, he may succumb to temporary insanity. The player should make an *Idea Roll*. If it fails, the soldier represses the memory; otherwise he fully understands what he saw and succumbs to insanity. This may be short-term (1D10+4 combat rounds) or long-term (1D10 x10 game hours), depending on which the keeper thinks is more appropriate given the events. The following temporary insanities are suggested for World War I. See p. 48 for complete info on them.

### TEMPORARY INSANITY TABLE (roll 1D10 or choose)

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 | Catatonia |
| 2 | Delusion/Hallucinations |
| 3-4 | Frenzy |
| 5-7 | Zombification |
| 8-9 | Hysterics |
| 10 | Stupefaction |

## Indefinite Insanity (20% or more of current Sanity lost in one game hour)

Whenever a soldier loses 20% of his current Sanity in one game hour, he goes indefinitely insane. The duration is determined by the keeper, but average is 1D6 game months. Following is a list of suggested indefinite insanities for World War I. See pp. 48-49 for complete explanations. An appropriate insanity should be selected, not randomly rolled.

### SUGGESTED INDEFINITE INSANITIES

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 | Amnesia |
| 2 | *Hysteric Affliction* |
| 3 | Catatonia |
| 4 | Criminal Psychosis |
| 5 | Paranoia |
| 6 | *Phobias* |
| 7 | Schizophrenia |
| 8 | Obsession/Addiction/Tremors |
| 9 | Multiple Personalities |
| 10 | *Shell Shock* |

## Permanent Insanity (Sanity drops to zero)

Whenever a soldier's Sanity drops to zero he goes permantly insane. "Permanently" may mean a game year or a lifetime. Typically, a permanently insane patient will be sent to an asylum and returned to game play as the keeper sees fit, hopefully after having his Sanity restored to a reasonable level.

# Keeper Quick-Ref: Skills & Other Basic Rolls

## The D100 Roll

The basic mechanic in *Call of Cthulhu* is a D100 roll, where soldier-investigators try to roll a D100 equal to or less than a target number. There are three main types of rolls: *skill rolls*, *characteristic rolls*, and *resistance rolls*.

## Skill Roll

The most common roll is the *skill roll*, where the investigator must roll equal to or below the skill recorded on his investigator sheet. A complete listing of skills, for all three eras, follows.

| *skill* | *base chance* |
|---|---|
| Accounting | 10% |
| Anthropology | 01% |
| Archaeology | 01% |
| Art | 05% |
| Astronomy | 01% |
| Bargain | 05% |
| Biology | 01% |
| Chemistry | 01% |
| Climb | 40% |
| Computer Use | 01% |
| Conceal | 15% |
| Craft | 05% |
| Credit Rating | 15% |
| Cthulhu Mythos | 00% |
| Disguise | 01% |
| Dodge | DEX x2% |
| Drive Auto/Horses | 20% |
| Electrical Repair | 10% |
| Electronics | 01% |
| Fast Talk | 05% |
| First Aid | 30% |

| *skill* | *base chance* |
|---|---|
| Fist/Punch | 50% |
| Geology | 01% |
| Grapple | 25% |
| Handgun | 20% |
| Head Butt | 10% |
| Hide | 10% |
| History | 20% |
| Jump | 25% |
| Kick | 25% |
| Library Use | 25% |
| Listen | 25% |
| Locksmith | 01% |
| Machine Gun | 15% |
| Martial Arts | 01% |
| Mechanical Repair | 20% |
| Medicine | 05% |
| Natural History | 10% |
| Navigate | 10% |
| Occult | 05% |
| Operate Heavy Machine | 01% |
| Other Language | 01% |

| *skill* | *base chance* |
|---|---|
| Own Language | EDU x5% |
| Persuade | 15% |
| Pharmacy | 01% |
| Photography | 10% |
| Physics | 01% |
| Pilot | 01% |
| Psychoanalysis | 01% |
| Psychology | 05% |
| Ride | 05% |
| Rifle | 25% |
| Shotgun | 30% |
| Sneak | 10% |
| Spot Hidden | 25% |
| Submachine Gun | 15% |
| Swim | 25% |
| Throw | 25% |
| Track | 10% |

**NOTES ON SKILLS**

*Computer Use and Electronics available in the 1990s only.*

*No submachine guns were available for sale in the 1890s.*

*The Weapons Table lists dozens of attack and weapon skills.*

*In the 1890s, Psychoanalysis is unavailable as a skill for the Doctor of Medicine occupation.*

*In the 1890s, Pilot is Pilot Balloon or Pilot Boat only. In the 1920s, it is Pilot Balloon / Dirigible / Aircraft /Boat. In the 1990s, it is Pilot Civil Prop / Civil Jet / Airliner / Jet Fighter / Helicopter / Balloon / Dirigible / Boat.*

*In the 1890s Drive Horses starts at 20%. In other eras Drive Car starts at 20%.*

**Specials.** Many keepers take advantage of the optional "special" rule. A special occurs whenever the result of a skill roll is one-fifth or less of the required target number. (This is the same number as an impale in combat.) This always results in a skill check and the keeper should look for ways to dramatize the excellence of the success.

## Characteristic Roll

Most characteristics have an associated *characteristic roll* equal to the characteristic times 5. Use these rolls if no specific skill is appropriate. Three characteristic rolls are common enough to be named: the *Idea roll* (INT x5), the *Luck roll* (POW x5), and the *Know roll* (EDU x5).

## Resistance Roll

In some circumstances a soldier-investigator or monster will try to overcome a characteristic of an opponent with a characteristic of his own. The chance of success on a resistance roll is equal to 50% plus 5x the active characteristic minus 5x the passive characteristic. For example, if trying to lift a fellow to safety, a soldier might pit his STR versus his fellow's SIZ; if STR were 10 and SIZ were 14, there would be a 50% + 10x5% - 14x5% = 30% chance of success. Poison gas has a POT (potency) value which is resisted by a soldier's CON. If a POT 15 gas were attacking a sickly soldier with a CON of 10, it would have a 75% chance of success. A complete table of relative numbers appears on p. 50 of *Call of Cthulhu*.

**1910s**

**Investigator Name** Earl Martin
**Occupation** Artist
**Colleges, Degrees** None
**Birthplace** Kingsport, Massachusetts
**Mental Disorders** Melancholia, Nightmares
**Sex** Male **Age** 24

## Characteristics & Rolls

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **STR** | 13 | **DEX** | 16 | **INT** | 17 | **Idea** | 85 |
| **CON** | 13 | **APP** | 14 | **POW** | 17 | **Luck** | 85 |
| **SIZ** | 15 | **SAN** | 65 | **EDU** | 16 | **Know** | 80 |

99-Cthulhu Mythos 90 Damage Bonus +1D4

1910s Investigator's Sheet
Player's Name

**CALL OF CTHULHU**
*Horror Role-Playing*

## Sanity Points

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Insane** | **0** | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | |
| 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 |
| 32 | 33 | 34 | 35 | 36 | 37 | 38 | 39 | 40 | 41 | 42 | 43 | 44 | 45 | 46 | 47 | 48 |
| 49 | 50 | 51 | 52 | 53 | 54 | 55 | 56 | 57 | 58 | 59 | 60 | 61 | 62 | 63 | 64 | (65) |
| 66 | 67 | 68 | 69 | 70 | 71 | 72 | 73 | 74 | 75 | 76 | 77 | 78 | 79 | 80 | 81 | 82 |
| 83 | 84 | 85 | 86 | 87 | 88 | 89 | 90 | 91 | 92 | 93 | 94 | 95 | 96 | 97 | 98 | 99 |

## Magic Points

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Unconscious** | **0** | 1 | 2 | 3 | | | | |
| 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | |
| 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | (17) | 18 | 19 | |
| 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | |
| 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 32 | 33 | 34 | 35 | |
| 36 | 37 | 38 | 39 | 40 | 41 | 42 | 43 | |

## Hit Points

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Dead** | **-2** | **-1** | **0** | **1** | **2** | 3 | | |
| 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | |
| 12 | 13 | (14) | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | |
| 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | |
| 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 32 | 33 | 34 | 35 | |
| 36 | 37 | 38 | 39 | 40 | 41 | 42 | 43 | |

## Investigator Skills

- ❑ Accounting (10%) 10
- ❑ Anthropology (01%) 01
- ❑ Archaeology (01%) 01
- Art (05%):
- ❑ Write Poetry 75
- ❑ Sketching 50
- ❑ Astronomy (01%) 01
- ❑ Bargain (05%) 05
- ❑ Biology (01%) 01
- ❑ Chemistry (01%) 30
- ❑ Climb (40%) 50
- ❑ Conceal (15%) 25
- Craft (05%):
- ❑ _____
- ❑ _____
- ❑ Credit Rating (15%) 15
- Cthulhu Mythos (00) 09
- ❑ Disguise (01%) 32
- ❑ Dodge (DEX x2) 01
- ❑ Drive Auto (20%) 20
- ❑ Electr. Repair (10%) 10
- ❑ Fast Talk (05%) 20
- ❑ First Aid (30%) 50
- ❑ Geology (01%) 01
- ❑ Hide (10%) 20
- ❑ History (20%) 70
- ❑ Jump (25%) 25
- ❑ Law (05%) 05
- ❑ Library Use (25%) 25
- ❑ Listen (25%) 60
- ❑ Locksmith (01%) 01
- ❑ Martial Arts (01%) 01
- ❑ Mech. Repair (20%) 20
- ❑ Medicine (05%) 25
- ❑ Natural History (10%) 10
- ❑ Navigate (10%) 20
- ❑ Occult (05%) 45
- ❑ Opr. Hvy. Mch. (01%) 01
- Other Language (01%):
- ❑ French 05
- ❑ _____
- ❑ _____
- Own Language (EDUx5%):
- ❑ English 80
- ❑ Persuade (15%) 30
- ❑ Pharmacy (01%) 25
- ❑ Photography (10%) 10
- ❑ Physics (01%) 01
- Pilot (01%):
- ❑ _____
- ❑ _____
- ❑ Psychoanalysis (01%) 30
- ❑ Psychology (05%) 75
- ❑ Ride (05%) 05
- ❑ Sneak (10%) 20
- ❑ Spot Hidden (25%) 55
- ❑ Swim (25%) 25
- ❑ Throw (25%) 25
- ❑ Track (10%) 10
- ❑ _____
- ❑ _____
- ❑ _____
- ❑ _____
- ❑ _____
- ❑ _____

**Firearms**

- ❑ Handgun (20%) 20
- ❑ Machine Gun (15%) 15
- ❑ Rifle (25%) 35
- ❑ Shotgun (30%) 30
- ❑ SMG (15%) 15

## Weapons

| melee | % | damage | hnd | rng | #att | hp |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ❑ Bayonet (20%) | 20 | 1D6+1+db | 1 | touch | 1 | n/a |
| ❑ Fist (50%) | 50 | 1D3+db | 1 | touch | 1 | n/a |
| ❑ Grapple (25%) | 10 | special | 2 | touch | 1 | n/a |
| ❑ Head (10%) | 25 | 1D4+db | 0 | touch | 1 | n/a |
| ❑ Kick (25%) | 25 | 1D6+db | 0 | touch | 1 | n/a |
| ❑ Rifle Butt | 25 | 1D8+1D4 | 1 | touch | 1 | 12 |

| firearm | % | damage | malf | rng | #att | shots | hp |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ❑ .303 Rifle | 35 | 2D6+4 | 00 | 110 yds | 1/2 | 10 | 12 |
| ❑ | | | | | | | |
| ❑ | | | | | | | |
| ❑ | | | | | | | |
| ❑ | | | | | | | |
| ❑ | | | | | | | |

## Personal Data

**Investigator Name** Earl Martin

**Residence** 308th Infantry Regiment

**Personal Description** Handsome, quiet. Well traveled and wise, but distant. Preoccupied, with haunted eyes.

**Family & Friends** None still living.

**Personality Traits** Gifted, soft-spoken, humble. A haunted man, troubled by his past, yet very centered and spiritual (rather than religious), with wisdom born of experience.

**Episodes of Insanity** Went irrational in Hong Kong, 1916. Recovered in Tibet.

**Wounds & Injuries** None.

**Marks & Scars** None.

## Mythos Tomes Read

- Nameless Cults

## Entities Encountered

- None

## Adventuring Gear & Possessions

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Belt, Ammo Pouches | Towel | Rifle w/ Bayonet |
| Knap & Haversacks | Soap & Razor | Pocket Knife |
| Carryall | Paybook | 42 rounds Ammo |
| 2 Blankets | Matches (6) | 3 Pairs Socks |
| Groundsheet | Gloves | Cardigan |
| Water Bottle | Wool Cap | Uniform & Helmet |
| Mess Kit | Family Photos | Knife, Fork, Spoon |
| Service Cap | Journal | Mug |
| Boots | Poetry Anthology | 1 Day's Rations |
| Muffler | Pencil | Kerchief |
| Greatcoat | Nail Scissors | Entrenching Tool |

## Investigator History

You were born the son of a country doctor and a piano teacher. Your mother died when you were five, and your dear father never took it well. Growing up he read you poetry instead of bedtime stories, and you learned early on you have a gift for writing, and are destined to be a dreamer. At age sixteen, Kingsport could no longer contain you. Tired of living buried under the weight of your father's grief, you set out to make your way in the world, to write, and to find yourself. From one coast to the other you roamed, working carnivals, railroads, driving trucks, logging, whatever could get you to the next town. At last, you signed on to a fishing trawler in California at age nineteen, and wound up in Asia.

Back home, the world around you never seemed real, somehow. Something was wrong with it, somewhere. In the squalor of the Far East, however, you found life much more honest. It was a struggle to get by, but an honest struggle; starvation makes one humble, and keeps illusions of prestige or luxury from dulling the senses. At a bookseller in Hong Kong you came across a curious book, Nameless Cults, by Von Junzt. Always curious about history and the occult, you picked it up and read it, not knowing the impact the hellish book might have. Junzt wrote of hideous, alien gods which had resided on Earth since time before man, and the degenerates who worship them to this day. The calm, rational pictures of time and space which science has knit for modern civilization is nothing but illusion, he argued, and the true nature of the universe is too horrific for man to grasp. Always a sensitive man, the words took hold of your mind and you saw it all fall away, the illusions of causality, worth, and happiness. You saw the truth in the book, and spent the next six months locked in a hellhole, screaming. Your voice is still raspy, and you still have nightmares. There's a new force to your poems, however, that almost frightens you sometimes.

In Tibet you recovered, meditating in a tiny monastery. You live with a strange new security, whatever may happen to the universe, you do exist, and while you'll never have faith in any God again, you've come to believe in yourself. At last you returned to the land of your birth, ready to turn away from the dark edges of the universe. No such luck. You came home only to be conscripted, and now you're in a nightmare so terrible it proves Von Junzt was right. You still write, a poem a day in your journal (arguably your fondest possession), and sometimes you even share them with the guys in your squad. You like Emmett Ryan. He's young and naive—you wish you could get back to that state somehow. Parks is the only one who can truly appreciate your poems, but he's so full of book-learned false awareness that you pity him more than you like him. McNalley is just some street thug, like so many others you've seen, all over the world. You tend not to trust him. Mason, the poor lad, is just too far out of his element. There's no luxury in a trench, and a machine gun doesn't care how rich you are. Maybe the stripping away of all his illusions will do him good. Grimm you respect, almost admire. The man faces battle with a calm you find amazing; he just trusts that he'll survive. He's got that same faith in himself that you've found, and you hope you can be as secure in yours as he is in his. Maybe that way you'll survive.

1910s

**Investigator Name** Richard McNalley
**Occupation** Gangster
**Colleges, Degrees** School of Hard Knocks
**Birthplace** Boston, Massachusetts
**Mental Disorders**
**Sex** Male **Age** 22

## Characteristics & Rolls

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **STR** | 16 | **DEX** | 14 | **INT** | 10 | **Idea** | 50 |
| **CON** | 14 | **APP** | 11 | **POW** | 12 | **Luck** | 60 |
| **SIZ** | 16 | **SAN** | 60 | **EDU** | 9 | **Know** | 45 |

99-Cthulhu Mythos 99 Damage Bonus +1D4

1910s Investigator's Sheet
Player's Name
CALL OF CTHULHU
Horror Role-Playing

## Sanity Points

Insane 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14
15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31
32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48
49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 (60) 61 62 63 64 65
66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82
83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99

## Magic Points

Unconscious 0 1 2 3
4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11
(12) 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27
28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35
36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43

## Hit Points

Dead -2 -1 0 1 2 3
4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11
12 13 14 (15) 16 17 18 19
20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27
28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35
36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43

## Investigator Skills

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ❑ | Accounting (10%) | 10 | ❑ | Law (05%) | 05 |
| ❑ | Anthropology (01%) | 01 | ❑ | Library Use (25%) | 25 |
| ❑ | Archaeology (01%) | 01 | ❑ | Listen (25%) | 35 |
| | Art (05%): | | ❑ | Locksmith (01%) | 20 |
| ❑ | Singing | 05 | ❑ | Martial Arts (01%) | 18 |
| ❑ | | | ❑ | Mech. Repair (20%) | 20 |
| ❑ | Astronomy (01%) | 01 | ❑ | Medicine (05%) | 05 |
| ❑ | Bargain (05%) | 05 | ❑ | Natural History (10%) | 10 |
| ❑ | Biology (01%) | 01 | ❑ | Navigate (10%) | 10 |
| ❑ | Chemistry (01%) | 01 | ❑ | Occult (05%) | 05 |
| ❑ | Climb (40%) | 50 | ❑ | Opr. Hvy. Mch. (01%) | 01 |
| ❑ | Conceal (15%) | 25 | | Other Language (01%): | |
| | Craft (05%): | | ❑ | French | 05 |
| ❑ | | | ❑ | | |
| ❑ | | | ❑ | | |
| ❑ | Credit Rating (15%) | 15 | | Own Language (EDUx5%): | |
| | Cthulhu Mythos (00) | 00 | ❑ | English | 45 |
| ❑ | Disguise (01%) | 01 | ❑ | Persuade (15%) | 35 |
| ❑ | Dodge (DEX x2) | 40 | ❑ | Pharmacy (01%) | 00 |
| ❑ | Drive Auto (20%) | 20 | ❑ | Photography (10%) | 10 |
| ❑ | Electr. Repair (10%) | 10 | ❑ | Physics (01%) | 00 |
| ❑ | Fast Talk (05%) | 65 | | Pilot (01%): | |
| ❑ | First Aid (30%) | 30 | ❑ | | |
| ❑ | Geology (01%) | 01 | ❑ | | |
| ❑ | Hide (10%) | 20 | ❑ | Psychoanalysis (01%) | 01 |
| ❑ | History (20%) | 20 | ❑ | Psychology (05%) | 35 |
| ❑ | Jump (25%) | 25 | ❑ | Ride (05%) | 05 |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| ❑ | Sneak (10%) | 60 |
| ❑ | Spot Hidden (25%) | 40 |
| ❑ | Swim (25%) | 25 |
| ❑ | Throw (25%) | 25 |
| ❑ | Track (10%) | 10 |
| ❑ | Gambling | 35 |
| ❑ | | |
| ❑ | | |
| ❑ | | |
| ❑ | | |
| ❑ | | |
| | **Firearms** | |
| ❑ | Handgun (20%) | 20 |
| ❑ | Machine Gun (15%) | 25 |
| ❑ | Rifle (25%) | 35 |
| ❑ | Shotgun (30%) | 30 |
| ❑ | SMG (15%) | 15 |

## Weapons

| | melee | % | damage | hnd | rng | #att | hp |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ❑ | Bayonet (20%) | 20 | 1D6+1+db | 1 | touch | 1 | n/a |
| ❑ | Fist (50%) | 80 | 1D3+db* | 1 | touch | 1 | n/a |
| ❑ | Grapple (25%) | 10 | special | 2 | touch | 1 | n/a |
| ❑ | Head (10%) | 25 | 1D4+db | 0 | touch | 1 | n/a |
| ❑ | Kick (25%) | 25 | 1D6+db | 0 | touch | 1 | n/a |
| ❑ | Rifle Butt | 25 | 1D8+1D4 | 2 | touch | 1 | 12 |

| | firearm | % | damage | malf | rng | #att | shots | hp |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ❑ | .303 Rifle | 35 | 2D6+4 | 00 | 110 yds | 1/2 | 10 | 12 |
| ❑ | | | | | | | | |
| ❑ | | | | | | | | |
| ❑ | | | | | | | | |

* If Richard makes a successful Martial Arts (Boxing) roll, damage is instead 2D3+2D4. Add +2 if wearing brass knuckles.

## Personal Data

**Investigator Name** Richard McNalley
**Residence** 308th Infantry Regiment
**Personal Description** Burly, red hair, green eyes. Loud, crude, and gruff. Young Irish tough.

**Family & Friends** Low ranking member of an Irish mob in Boston.

**Personality Traits** Crass, rude, sarcastic. Always joking or making snide remarks. Sly.

**Episodes of Insanity** None.

**Wounds & Injuries** Walks with a slight limp—old broken ankle.

**Marks & Scars** Broken nose, scar on chin.

## Mythos Tomes Read

None.

## Entities Encountered

None.

## Adventuring Gear & Possessions

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Belt, Ammo Pouches | Paybook | Rifle w/ Bayonet |
| Knap & Haversacks | 30 Francs | Martin's Watch |
| 48 Rounds Ammo | Carryall | Wristwatch |
| Entrenching Tool | 2 Blankets | Matches (4) |
| 2 Wedding Rings | Ground Sheets | Cigarettes |
| 1 Gold Chain | Water Bottle | Gloves |
| 3 Pairs Socks | Mess Kit | Wool Cap |
| Cardigan | Knife, Fork, Spoon | Helmet & Uniform |
| Mug | Boots | Nail Scissors |
| 1 Day's Rations | Muffler | Brass Knuckles |
| Pocket Knife | Greatcoat | BlackJack (Sap) |

## Investigator History

Well laddy, if this isn't one hell of a mess you've put your foot in! You were born in the slums of Boston, an immigrant's son, and you learned all you needed to know on the hard back streets. By age fifteen you were on your own and tried to make it as a fighter in this seedy dive, but you were never any damn good. Fella named Carrigan noticed ya though, an' he told you he'd need of a good, strong Irish boy. Finest words you ever heard. Soon, you were livin' like a king, with fine clothes and more food than ya needed. Sure, every now an' then ya had to 'persuade' some of ol' Micky Carrigan's business associates to keep up on their debts. Sure, your typical means of persuasion involved a bit of lead pipe. Hey, what did you care? Only way a bloody Mick's gonna make it in this damn country is by stealin' anyway. So, you got a name on the streets, broke in a few places, burned down a warehouse or two, broke up businesses, and roughed up guys who didn't pay on time. You went through a lot of lead pipe in your job. The cops took you in a few times, and you even spent a year in jail, but to men like Carrigan, the law was just somethin' to play around, like the rules in a card game. All a lad needs to know is how ta cheat.

All o' that changed seven months ago. You were dealin' with some guys in Boston, who worked for a young guy named O'Bannion. Seems Mr. O'Bannion was remiss on some back payments. O'Bannion's boys came armed for bear, and by the time the smoke cleared Jimmy and Fingers were dead, and you'd had to kill two people. The police got ya this time. Sure, you'd killed men before, but now they had ya on the scene. Carrigan vanished. He coulda handled it before, but the new DA was a bit more particular than the one who had been on Micky's payroll. Ya knew if ya ever got in this deep you'd be on your own, boyo. You were braced for more prison, when the judge gave you a choice; he'd commute your sentence if you'd serve in the Great War. Hell, damn war couldn't go more than another five years, you figured, an' that sure beat forty! You jumped to the offer, not thinking that in the Big House they don't machine gun ya or shell ya. An' the food might even be better. It makes ya sick at heart to see all those miles of ruined land, or all them boys missin' arms or legs. An' the first time you saw action you 'bout damn near died o' fright. Maybe your bargain ain't much o' one after all, laddy.

The men in your squad you don't mind too much. That Parks kid and Mason, they're sheep all alone in a dark place. One look at them an' you know you didn' miss anything in school. They're easy marks if nothing else. Emmett Ryan's some country farmer's boy who acted like he'd never seen a city. Doesn't drink either. What a loon! And speakin' o' loons, that boy Martin is a weird egg. Writes poems, he does, and wakes up nearly every night with nightmares. He gets a weird, far-off look in his eyes sometimes, like he's tryin' to remember somethin'. Maybe tryin' to forget it. Last, there's Grimm, the one guy you met in the whole damn war who you like. He's a sour old cuss, loves to go drinkin'. Also, he turned you a blind eye when you nearly got caught stealin', and stood up for you. Nice man. The war's hell, but then, so was growin' up. Just hang onto your head, Dicky boy, and you might just come home breathin'.

1910s

**Investigator Name** Anthony Parks
**Occupation** Student
**Colleges, Degrees** B.A. Archaeology - Miskatonic U.
**Birthplace** Gloucester, Massachusetts
**Mental Disorders**
**Sex** Male **Age** 20

## Characteristics & Rolls

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **STR** | 11 | **DEX** | 14 | **INT** | 16 | **Idea** | 80 |
| **CON** | 14 | **APP** | 15 | **POW** | 11 | **Luck** | 55 |
| **SIZ** | 14 | **SAN** | 55 | **EDU** | 14 | **Know** | 70 |

99-Cthulhu Mythos 99 Damage Bonus +1D4

1910s Investigator's Sheet
Player's Name

CALL OF CTHULHU
*Horror Role-Playing*

## Sanity Points

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Insane** | **0** | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | |
| 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 |
| 32 | 33 | 34 | 35 | 36 | 37 | 38 | 39 | 40 | 41 | 42 | 43 | 44 | 45 | 46 | 47 | 48 |
| 49 | 50 | 51 | 52 | 53 | 54 | (55) | 56 | 57 | 58 | 59 | 60 | 61 | 62 | 63 | 64 | 65 |
| 66 | 67 | 68 | 69 | 70 | 71 | 72 | 73 | 74 | 75 | 76 | 77 | 78 | 79 | 80 | 81 | 82 |
| 83 | 84 | 85 | 86 | 87 | 88 | 89 | 90 | 91 | 92 | 93 | 94 | 95 | 96 | 97 | 98 | 99 |

## Magic Points

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Unconscious** | **0** | 1 | 2 | 3 | | | | | |
| 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | (11) | | |
| 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | | |
| 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | | |
| 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 32 | 33 | 34 | 35 | | |
| 36 | 37 | 38 | 39 | 40 | 41 | 42 | 43 | | |

## Hit Points

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Dead** | **-2** | **-1** | **0** | **1** | **2** | 3 | | | |
| 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | | |
| 12 | 13 | (14) | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | | |
| 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | | |
| 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 32 | 33 | 34 | 35 | | |
| 36 | 37 | 38 | 39 | 40 | 41 | 42 | 43 | | |

## Investigator Skills

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ❑ | Accounting (10%) | 10 | ❑ | Law (05%) | 05 |
| ❑ | Anthropology (01%) | 55 | ❑ | Library Use (25%) | 65 |
| ❑ | Archaeology (01%) | 70 | ❑ | Listen (25%) | 35 |
| | Art (05%): | | ❑ | Locksmith (01%) | 01 |
| ❑ | Drawing | 05 | ❑ | Martial Arts (01%) | 01 |
| ❑ | | | ❑ | Mech. Repair (20%) | 20 |
| ❑ | Astronomy (01%) | 20 | ❑ | Medicine (05%) | 05 |
| ❑ | Bargain (05%) | 05 | ❑ | Natural History (10%) | 10 |
| ❑ | Biology (01%) | 01 | ❑ | Navigate (10%) | 15 |
| ❑ | Chemistry (01%) | 01 | ❑ | Occult (05%) | 40 |
| ❑ | Climb (40%) | 50 | ❑ | Opr. Hvy. Mch. (01%) | 01 |
| ❑ | Conceal (15%) | 25 | | Other Language (01%): | |
| | Craft (05%): | | ❑ | French | 05 |
| ❑ | | | ❑ | German | 40 |
| ❑ | | | ❑ | Latin | 40 |
| ❑ | Credit Rating (15%) | 15 | | Own Language (EDUx5%): | |
| | Cthulhu Mythos (00) | 00 | ❑ | English | 70 |
| ❑ | Disguise (01%) | 01 | ❑ | Persuade (15%) | 40 |
| ❑ | Dodge (DEX x2) | 28 | ❑ | Pharmacy (01%) | 01 |
| ❑ | Drive Auto (20%) | 20 | ❑ | Photography (10%) | 10 |
| ❑ | Electr. Repair (10%) | 10 | ❑ | Physics (01%) | 01 |
| ❑ | Fast Talk (05%) | 25 | | Pilot (01%): | |
| ❑ | First Aid (30%) | 40 | ❑ | | |
| ❑ | Geology (01%) | 01 | ❑ | | |
| ❑ | Hide (10%) | 20 | ❑ | Psychoanalysis (01%) | 01 |
| ❑ | History (20%) | 40 | ❑ | Psychology (05%) | 25 |
| ❑ | Jump (25%) | 25 | ❑ | Ride (05%) | 05 |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| ❑ | Sneak (10%) | 20 | |
| ❑ | Spot Hidden (25%) | 50 | |
| ❑ | Swim (25%) | 25 | |
| ❑ | Throw (25%) | 25 | |
| ❑ | Track (10%) | 10 | |
| ❑ | | | |
| ❑ | | | |
| ❑ | | | |
| ❑ | | | |
| ❑ | | | |
| ❑ | | | |
| | **Firearms** | | |
| ❑ | Handgun (20%) | 20 | |
| ❑ | Machine Gun (15%) | 15 | |
| ❑ | Rifle (25%) | 35 | |
| ❑ | Shotgun (30%) | 30 | |
| ❑ | SMG (15%) | 15 | |

## Weapons

| | *melee* | *%* | *damage* | *hnd* | *rng* | *#att* | *hp* | | *firearm* | *%* | *damage* | *malf* | *rng* | *#att* | *shots* | *hp* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ❑ | Bayonet (20%) | 20 | 1D6+1+db | 1 | touch | 1 | n/a | ❑ | .303 Rifle | 35 | 2D6+4 | 00 | 110 yds | 1/2 | 10 | 12 |
| ❑ | Fist (50%) | 50 | 1D3+db | 1 | touch | 1 | n/a | ❑ | | | | | | | | |
| ❑ | Grapple (25%) | 10 | special | 2 | touch | 1 | n/a | ❑ | | | | | | | | |
| ❑ | Head (10%) | 25 | 1D4+db | 0 | touch | 1 | n/a | ❑ | | | | | | | | |
| ❑ | Kick (25%) | 25 | 1D6+db | 0 | touch | 1 | n/a | ❑ | | | | | | | | |
| ❑ | Rifle Butt | 25 | 1D8+1D4 | 2 | touch | 1 | 12 | ❑ | | | | | | | | |

## Personal Data

**Investigator Name** Anthony Parks
**Residence** 308th Infantry Regiment
**Personal Description** Brown hair. Intellectual, eager. Boyish face, with wide, staring brown eyes. Thin, slight framed. Wears spectacles.

**Family & Friends**

**Personality Traits** Idealistic, intellectual, curious. Very nervous. Has faith in order and is sure the universe is, at heart, a rational place. A bookworm.

**Episodes of Insanity** None.

**Wounds & Injuries** None.

**Marks & Scars** None.

## Mythos Tomes Read

None.

## Entities Encountered

None.

## Adventuring Gear & Possessions

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Belt, Ammo Pouches | Nail Scissors | Muffler |
| Knap & Haversacks | Pocket Knife | Greatcoat |
| Rifle w/ Bayonet | 2 Novels | 2 Blankets |
| Gloves | Ground Sheet | Pencil |
| Watch | Water Bottle | Paybook |
| 45 Rounds Ammo | Mess Kit | Matches (6) |
| Entrenching Tool | Knife, Fork, Spoon | Sewing Kit |
| 3 Pairs Socks | Mug | Service Cap |
| Cardigan | 1 Day's Rations | Wool Cap |
| Carywall | Kerchief | Helmet & Uniform |
| Compass | Boots | Diary |

## Investigator History

Your parents always wanted the best for you. From birth they pushed you to read, to learn, to understand, and you served them proud. Your parents worked like mad to get you through college. In fact, they practically pushed you into it. You found a new love at Miskatonic, the unknown past. The same awe that had kept you up until the wee hours of the morning reading Jules Verne as a lad was born anew in the accounts of Egyptologists and the hunt for the source of the Nile. Doctor Doud, your mentor, showed you a new line of study, megaliths. Your senior year you butted heads with the mystery of Stonehenge, lamenting the fact that you would never have the chance to go to Europe and touch the stones, see the archaeology first-hand. Then, suddenly, you did have the chance.

You didn't quite look twenty-one when you enlisted, but the Army didn't seem to mind; they were taking just about anybody to fight for the cause of Freedom. Your parents were mortified when they found out. You don't even have your degree yet, and you're crossing the ocean to get yourself killed! You didn't wantto upset them, but at the same time, the war is important. Woodrow Wilson, the greatest president since Lincoln, needs you to make the world safe for Democracy. Besides, when the war's done you'll be a hero (if all goes well), and will get to go to England and see the stone circles that you find so captivating. In the meantime, you were sure the war would be a great adventure, the adventure of a lifetime.

You were wrong. The first six months were spent training in reserve, drilling, training, exercising. You were never one for sports, and you tire easily. The toil would have killed you if not for that great lad Emmett Ryan, who helped pull you through it. He's not very educated, but he's got a head full of earthy common sense, and he's a dear friend. Then you finally went to the front. The first week you were numb, shocked beyond words by the shelling, the wounded, the squalor, the devastation, and the sheer horror of combat. In the last week since the big offensive began, your battalion has only gained three miles at horrendous cost. Now you're to push forward again! The Argonne Forest is a waking nightmare, all fog and ravines and trees and barbed wire. You were foolish to have enlisted, but you must live up to your commitment.'

The rest of your squad seem all right. Take Grimm, for instance (what an apt name!). He's the true dog of war. You don't like him but you respect him. His two bullet scars have earned him the right to grumble and push everyone so hard. At first you didn't understand, but now you know he's hardening you and the other guys, trying to save your lives. Earl Martin, he's very distant, hard to talk to. He's been around the world, though. You really envy him. And his poems! He's another Yeats, surely. In James Mason you see a kindred spirit; another idealist caught in this living hell and having a hard time of it. You and he lean on each other a bit. With Emmett's help, it's enough. You don't like McNalley, though. He seems a bad sort, and one night while he was drunk you heard him bragging about a criminal record. You keep your eyes on him.

**1910s**

**Investigator Name** William Grimm, Cpl.
**Occupation** Soldier
**Colleges, Degrees** High School
**Birthplace** Newport News, Virginia
**Mental Disorders**
**Sex** Male **Age** 39

## Characteristics & Rolls

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **STR** | 13 | **DEX** | 12 | **INT** | 14 | **Idea** | 70 |
| **CON** | 17 | **APP** | 8 | **POW** | 10 | **Luck** | 50 |
| **SIZ** | 11 | **SAN** | 50 | **EDU** | 15 | **Know** | 75 |

99-Cthulhu Mythos 99 Damage Bonus None

1910s Investigator's Sheet

**Player's Name**

**CALL OF CTHULHU**
*Horror Role-Playing*

## Sanity Points

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Insane** | **0** | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | | |
| 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | |
| 32 | 33 | 34 | 35 | 36 | 37 | 38 | 39 | 40 | 41 | 42 | 43 | 44 | 45 | 46 | 47 | 48 | |
| 49 | (50) | 51 | 52 | 53 | 54 | 55 | 56 | 57 | 58 | 59 | 60 | 61 | 62 | 63 | 64 | 65 | |
| 66 | 67 | 68 | 69 | 70 | 71 | 72 | 73 | 74 | 75 | 76 | 77 | 78 | 79 | 80 | 81 | 82 | |
| 83 | 84 | 85 | 86 | 87 | 88 | 89 | 90 | 91 | 92 | 93 | 94 | 95 | 96 | 97 | 98 | 99 | |

## Magic Points

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Unconscious** | **0** | 1 | 2 | 3 | | | | | | |
| 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | (10) | 11 | | | |
| 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | | | |
| 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | | | |
| 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 32 | 33 | 34 | 35 | | | |
| 36 | 37 | 38 | 39 | 40 | 41 | 42 | 43 | | | |

## Hit Points

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Dead** | **-2** | **-1** | **0** | **1** | **2** | 3 | | | | |
| 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | | | |
| 12 | 13 | (14) | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | | | |
| 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | | | |
| 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 32 | 33 | 34 | 35 | | | |
| 36 | 37 | 38 | 39 | 40 | 41 | 42 | 43 | | | |

## Investigator Skills

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ❑ | Accounting (10%) | 10 | ❑ | Law (05%) | 05 |
| ❑ | Anthropology (01%) | 01 | ❑ | Library Use (25%) | 25 |
| ❑ | Archaeology (01%) | 01 | ❑ | Listen (25%) | 30 |
| | Art (05%): | | ❑ | Locksmith (01%) | 01 |
| ❑ | | | ❑ | Martial Arts (01%) | 01 |
| ❑ | | | ❑ | Mech. Repair (20%) | 25 |
| ❑ | Astronomy (01%) | 01 | ❑ | Medicine (05%) | 05 |
| ❑ | Bargain (05%) | 10 | ❑ | Natural History (10%) | 10 |
| ❑ | Biology (01%) | 01 | ❑ | Navigate (10%) | 40 |
| ❑ | Chemistry (01%) | 01 | ❑ | Occult (05%) | 05 |
| ❑ | Climb (40%) | 75 | ❑ | Opr. Hvy. Mch. (01%) | 01 |
| ❑ | Conceal (15%) | 50 | | Other Language (01%): | |
| | Craft (05%): | | ❑ | French | 25 |
| ❑ | | | ❑ | Spanish | 35 |
| ❑ | | | ❑ | | |
| ❑ | Credit Rating (15%) | 15 | | Own Language (EDUx5%): | |
| | Cthulhu Mythos (00) | 00 | ❑ | English | 75 |
| ❑ | Disguise (01%) | 01 | ❑ | Persuade (15%) | 45 |
| ❑ | Dodge (DEX x2) | 40 | ❑ | Pharmacy (01%) | 01 |
| ❑ | Drive Auto (20%) | 25 | ❑ | Photography (10%) | 10 |
| ❑ | Electr. Repair (10%) | 10 | ❑ | Physics (01%) | 01 |
| ❑ | Fast Talk (05%) | 35 | | Pilot (01%): | |
| ❑ | First Aid (30%) | 50 | ❑ | | |
| ❑ | Geology (01%) | 01 | ❑ | | |
| ❑ | Hide (10%) | 70 | ❑ | Psychoanalysis (01%) | 01 |
| ❑ | History (20%) | 20 | ❑ | Psychology (05%) | 35 |
| ❑ | Jump (25%) | 50 | ❑ | Ride (05%) | 05 |

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ❑ | Sneak (10%) | 70 | | | |
| ❑ | Spot Hidden (25%) | 50 | | | |
| ❑ | Swim (25%) | 35 | | | |
| ❑ | Throw (25%) | 50 | | | |
| ❑ | Track (10%) | 40 | | | |
| ❑ | | | | | |
| ❑ | | | | | |
| ❑ | | | | | |
| ❑ | | | | | |
| ❑ | | | | | |
| ❑ | | | | | |
| | **Firearms** | | | | |
| ❑ | Handgun (20%) | 20 | | | |
| ❑ | Machine Gun (15%) | 45 | | | |
| ❑ | Rifle (25%) | 80 | | | |
| ❑ | Shotgun (30%) | 30 | | | |
| ❑ | SMG (15%) | 15 | | | |

## Weapons

| | *melee* | *%* | *damage* | *hnd* | *rng* | *#att* | *hp* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ❑ | Fist (50%) | 50 | 1D3+db | 1 | touch | 1 | n/a |
| ❑ | Grapple (25%) | 10 | special | 2 | touch | 1 | n/a |
| ❑ | Head (10%) | 25 | 1D4+db | 0 | touch | 1 | n/a |
| ❑ | Kick (25%) | 25 | 1D6+db | 0 | touch | 1 | n/a |
| ❑ | Knife | 35 | 1D4+2 | 1 | touch | 1 | 15 |
| ❑ | Rifle Butt | 25 | 1D8 | 2 | touch | 1 | 12 |

| | *firearm* | *%* | *damage* | *malf* | *rng* | *#att* | *shots* | *hp* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ❑ | B.A.R.* | 45 | 2D6+4 | 95/85 | 90 yds | 1/2* | 20 | 11 |
| ❑ | | | | | | | | |
| ❑ | | | | | | | | |
| ❑ | | | | | | | | |

* William's gun is an automatic rifle, and thus has burst capability.

## Personal Data

**Investigator Name** William Grimm
**Residence** 308th Infantry Regiment
**Personal Description** Short & stock, weathered, unshaven, ugly. Deep lines on his face, scarred hands, and salt and pepper hair. Beady eyes. Gruff, experienced. A survivor.
**Family & Friends**

**Personality Traits** Dour, abusive, gruff. Quick to reprimand, with a huge temper. Drinks. He's seen it all. Cares deep down, though he'll never let you see that. A stickler for regulations and procedure.
**Episodes of Insanity** None.
**Wounds & Injuries** Took two bullets in Cuba.
**Marks & Scars** Missing last left pinky joint, long scar on chest, scars on right hand fingers.

## Mythos Tomes Read

None.

## Entities Encountered

None.

## Adventuring Gear & Possessions

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Belt, Ammo Pouches | Compass | Greatcoat |
| Knap & Haversacks | 2 Combat Knives | Auto Rifle |
| 4 Clips Ammo | Carryall | Paybook |
| Wire Cutters | 2 Blankets | Matches (4) |
| 3 Pairs Socks | Ground Sheet | Tobacco |
| Sweater | Water Bottle | Pipe |
| Uniform & Helmet | Mess Kit | Gloves |
| Pocket Knife | Knife, Fork, Spoon | Wool Cap |
| Old Photos | Mug | Nail Scissors |
| 1 Day's Rations | Boots | St. Christopher's Mdl. |
| Kerchief | Muffler | Flask of Whiskey |

## Investigator History

You are a dog of war. From as long ago as you can remember, your father's stories of the War Between the States filled you with longing for a soldier's life. As you grew up on tales of Indian fighters, you watched as the West was tamed. Too young to help Custer, you joined up anyway, sure your time would come. And it did! You stood on San Juan Hill with Teddy Roosevelt, and later Wilson sent you to Mexico. You've seen action aplenty, and are a slimmed down, battered, rugged survivor. You don't enjoy killin' or seein' young men killed in the prime o' youth, but soldierin' is your job, and the army's still your family, even if you got drummed down from sergeant to PFC on drunk and disorderly. You've been keepin' up with doings in the Great War since the get-go, and it's about damn time they let the Americans in to show all those Frogs how a real army carries itself in a fight. You're sure ol' Black Jack Pershing will bust the Hindenburg line in no time an' send the Hun screamin' back to Berlin. It's just a matter of doin' the hard work, the work you do so well.

Still, though, this war's different. You never saw such utter devastation. And the bombardments! Between them and machine guns, you think maybe war's finally too much for you. Take this offensive for instance. Here you are, in the Argonne Forest, attacking heavily fortified lines head-on through deplorable terrain. The ground's so bad they can't send up artillery, and everything that can go wrong, from lost communications to fouled supply lines, has. As a soldier, you put your faith in the chain of command and in military discipline. You were always sure the generals knew their jobs, but now you wonder. Some say your battalion's been cut off, and that you're surrounded. You also heard that your unit was ordered ahead into the woods without firm support on the flanks, just so some colonel could say the drive hadn't stalled. You're too good a soldier to protest, but this sure is one hell of a mess. When it all goes down, all you can trust is yourself and your rifle. Damnedest thing, like a one-man machine gun! These Brownings are new and a little unreliable, but ol' Gus (as you call it) just might give you the edge.

Sad thing is, you're gonna need an edge to keep all these kids around you from getting killed. Parks means well, but he's a stranger to war, a green kid who's gonna get himself killed if he doesn't start learning from you how to make it. But Mason? That snot-nosed little lord Fauntleroy should've let his rich father make him an officer. All he can do is whine about how terrible this place is. It's a damn war! He's just hopeless. You don't know what to make of Earl Martin. He can pull his own weight, but he's so distant, sad about something. Emmett Ryan you like. Here's a fit young man without any education to mess up his head, and quick to follow orders. He's gonna be a fine soldier. You can't help but like McNalley too. He's a Mick, but he knows how to raise hell with the best of 'em. He kinda reminds you of yourself twenty years ago. The other two guys in your squad are dead. You couldn't help them, but maybe these five will straighten up so you can pull them through this. Deep down, you wonder sometimes if you'll make it.

1910s

**Investigator Name** Emmett Ryan
**Occupation** Farm Boy
**Colleges, Degrees** 8th Grade Education
**Birthplace** Dean's Corners, Massachusetts
**Mental Disorders**
**Sex** Male **Age** 21

## Characteristics & Rolls

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **STR** | 16 | **DEX** | 13 | **INT** | 12 | **Idea** | 60 |
| **CON** | 17 | **APP** | 12 | **POW** | 10 | **Luck** | 50 |
| **SIZ** | 15 | **SAN** | 50 | **EDU** | 9 | **Know** | 45 |

99-Cthulhu Mythos 99 Damage Bonus +1D4

1910s Investigator's Sheet

Player's Name

CALL OF CTHULHU
*Horror Role-Playing*

## Sanity Points

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Insane** | **0** | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | |
| 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 |
| 32 | 33 | 34 | 35 | 36 | 37 | 38 | 39 | 40 | 41 | 42 | 43 | 44 | 45 | 46 | 47 | 48 |
| 49 | (50) | 51 | 52 | 53 | 54 | 55 | 56 | 57 | 58 | 59 | 60 | 61 | 62 | 63 | 64 | 65 |
| 66 | 67 | 68 | 69 | 70 | 71 | 72 | 73 | 74 | 75 | 76 | 77 | 78 | 79 | 80 | 81 | 82 |
| 83 | 84 | 85 | 86 | 87 | 88 | 89 | 90 | 91 | 92 | 93 | 94 | 95 | 96 | 97 | 98 | 99 |

## Magic Points

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Unconscious** | **0** | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
| 8 | 9 | (10) | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 |
| 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 |
| 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 32 | 33 | 34 |
| 35 | 36 | 37 | 38 | 39 | 40 | 41 | 42 | 43 |

## Hit Points

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Dead** | **-2** | **-1** | **0** | **1** | **2** | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 |
| 15 | (16) | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 |
| 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 32 |
| 33 | 34 | 35 | 36 | 37 | 38 | 39 | 40 | 41 |

## Investigator Skills

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ☐ | Accounting (10%) | 10 | ☐ | Law (05%) | 05 | ☐ | Sneak (10%) | 20 |
| ☐ | Anthropology (01%) | 01 | ☐ | Library Use (25%) | 25 | ☐ | Spot Hidden (25%) | 25 |
| ☐ | Archaeology (01%) | 01 | ☐ | Listen (25%) | 45 | ☐ | Swim (25%) | 50 |
| | Art (05%): | | ☐ | Locksmith (01%) | 01 | ☐ | Throw (25%) | 25 |
| ☐ | Whittling | 15 | ☐ | Martial Arts (01%) | 01 | ☐ | Track (10%) | 50 |
| ☐ | | | ☐ | Mech. Repair (20%) | 60 | ☐ | | |
| ☐ | Astronomy (01%) | 01 | ☐ | Medicine (05%) | 05 | ☐ | | |
| ☐ | Bargain (05%) | 35 | ☐ | Natural History (10%) | 70 | ☐ | | |
| ☐ | Biology (01%) | 25 | ☐ | Navigate (10%) | 10 | ☐ | | |
| ☐ | Chemistry (01%) | 01 | ☐ | Occult (05%) | 05 | ☐ | | |
| ☐ | Climb (40%) | 50 | ☐ | Opr. Hvy. Mch. (01%) | 45 | ☐ | | |
| ☐ | Conceal (15%) | 25 | | Other Language (01%): | | ☐ | | |
| | Craft (05%): | | ☐ | French | 05 | ☐ | | |
| ☐ | | | ☐ | | | ☐ | | |
| ☐ | | | ☐ | | | ☐ | | |
| ☐ | Credit Rating (15%) | 15 | | Own Language (EDUx5%): | | | **Firearms** | |
| | Cthulhu Mythos (00) | 00 | ☐ | English | 45 | ☐ | Handgun (20%) | 20 |
| ☐ | Disguise (01%) | 01 | ☐ | Persuade (15%) | 15 | ☐ | Machine Gun (15%) | 25 |
| ☐ | Dodge (DEX x2) | 26 | ☐ | Pharmacy (01%) | 01 | ☐ | Rifle (25%) | 80 |
| ☐ | Drive Auto (20%) | 20 | ☐ | Photography (10%) | 10 | ☐ | Shotgun (30%) | 30 |
| ☐ | Electr. Repair (10%) | 10 | ☐ | Physics (01%) | 01 | ☐ | SMG (15%) | 15 |
| ☐ | Fast Talk (05%) | 05 | | Pilot (01%): | | | | |
| ☐ | First Aid (30%) | 45 | ☐ | | | | | |
| ☐ | Geology (01%) | 01 | ☐ | | | | | |
| ☐ | Hide (10%) | 20 | ☐ | Psychoanalysis (01%) | 01 | | | |
| ☐ | History (20%) | 20 | ☐ | Psychology (05%) | 05 | | | |
| ☐ | Jump (25%) | 45 | ☐ | Ride (05%) | 30 | | | |

## Weapons

| | *melee* | *%* | *damage* | *hnd* | *rng* | *#att* | *hp* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ☐ | Bayonet (20%) | 20 | 1D6+1+db | 1 | touch | 1 | n/a |
| ☐ | Fist (50%) | 50 | 1D3+db | 1 | touch | 1 | n/a |
| ☐ | Grapple (25%) | 10 | special | 2 | touch | 1 | n/a |
| ☐ | Head (10%) | 25 | 1D4+db | 0 | touch | 1 | n/a |
| ☐ | Kick (25%) | 25 | 1D6+db | 0 | touch | 1 | n/a |
| ☐ | Rifle Butt | 25 | 1D8+1D4 | 2 | touch | 1 | 12 |

| | *firearm* | *%* | *damage* | *malf* | *rng* | *#att* | *shots* | *hp* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ☐ | .303 Rifle | 80 | 2D6+4 | 00 | 110 yds | 1/2 | 10 | 12 |
| ☐ | | | | | | | | |
| ☐ | | | | | | | | |
| ☐ | | | | | | | | |
| ☐ | | | | | | | | |
| ☐ | | | | | | | | |

## Personal Data

**Investigator Name** Emmett Ryan

**Residence** 308th Infantry Regiment

**Personal Description** Trim and fit, not afraid to get dirty, with wandering childlike blue eyes. Dark hair. Optimistic, easy going, and a little naïve. An innocent.

**Family & Friends**

**Personality Traits** Eager, a go-getter, loyal to his friends, a little ignorant (but not a complete bumpkin), very religious, typical all-American small town boy.

**Episodes of Insanity** None.

**Wounds & Injuries** None.

**Marks & Scars** Scar at right temple.

## Mythos Tomes Read

None.

## Entities Encountered

None.

## Adventuring Gear & Possessions

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Belt, Ammo Pouches | Compass | Rifle w/ Bayonet |
| Knap & Haversacks | Pocket Knife | Gloves |
| 48 Rounds Ammo | 2 Blankets | Paybook |
| Entrenching Tool | Ground Sheet | Matches (10) |
| 3 Pairs Socks | Water Bottle | Cigarettes |
| Sweater | Soap & Razor | Service Cap |
| Carryall | Mess Kit | Wool Cap |
| Uniform & Helmet | Knife, Fork, Spoon | Holy Bible |
| Mug | Boots | Crucifix (on Chain) |
| 1 Day's Rations | Muffler | Rabbit's Foot |
| Kerchief | Greatcoat | Sewing Kit |

## Investigator History

Well, if somebody told you two years ago that you'd be in Europe now, in uniform, you'd a' told 'em they was crazy. You grew up on your father's farm, never really lived anywhere but Dean's Corners, never even seen any place bigger than Boston. That is, till you showed up in Paris! Your daddy always said Wilson couldn't keep America out of the war, and sure enough, the Yanks have come. You enlisted the first chance you got. Whatever you and your dad might think of Wilson, now you have to show up for the good ol' stars and stripes, like your grandfather did at Gettysburg. Your whole family showed up to send you off with your brother, and it was about the proudest moment in your life.

Training was pretty much a breeze, as you're no stranger to hard work. Hell, you even know how to handle a rifle from all those squirrel huntin' trips. The last six months have been pretty boring, gettin' up real early, eatin' bad food, runnin', doin' hard work. Yep, not much of a change. You were startin' to worry that the old 308th might not get to see any action, and then they moved you to the front.

Now, your unit is at the southern end of the Front, sloggin' through a forest on some salient near all these French towns whose names you can't pronounce. Whatever you expected, it wasn't this. Huntin' is one thing, but sittin' in a muddy hole while shells rain down like the wrath of God, knowin' that any second could be your last, it's horrible. An' all the wounded! Like Hell itself opened up its gates. Eight days ago the offensive began. Everything is mud, all the trees are blown apart, everyone's gettin' sick (even you seem to get these terrible headaches every mornin', and this buzzin' in your ears). Now, your battalion has moved on again, and gotten pinned down in this little valley. Some of the guys is sayin' you're cut off, surrounded. Meanwhile, it's just gettin' colder. You used to pray you'd get to serve like a hero. Now, each night you pray God will just keep you alive.

Your platoon is filled with nice sorts, you guess. That Grimm guy is a hard case, always bellyachin' or braggin' about how much stuff he did in the last war. You like Parks. He's a real sociable man, and smart to boot. He's real green when it comes to hard work, but you help him out. Martin is the other guy you look up to here. He reads you poetry he's written, and it's about the best stuff you ever heard. He says he's been everywhere, and you love to listen to his stories about far off lands. You guess the war's gettin' to him, though, judging by that haunted look he gets in his eyes. The other two guys you really don't care for. McNalley is a foreigner, and you never had much use for Irish. Not only that, but you seen him takin' stuff from the other guys. You don't truck with no thieves. And Mason? That rich momma's boy ain't got no place in this war, always gripin' about the food, the weather, or whatnot. Boy never did a day of hard work in his life. Still, these are the guys who'll save you in combat, and you'd save them. The other two guys in the squad are dead already. You ain't gonna end up that way.

1910s

**Investigator Name** James Rutledge Mason III
**Occupation** Dilettante
**Colleges, Degrees** B.A. Literature, Yale
**Birthplace** Cambridge, Massachusetts
**Mental Disorders**
**Sex** Male **Age** 20

## Characteristics & Rolls

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **STR** | 13 | **DEX** | 15 | **INT** | 17 | **Idea** | 85 |
| **CON** | 12 | **APP** | 15 | **POW** | 11 | **Luck** | 55 |
| **SIZ** | 13 | **SAN** | 55 | **EDU** | 14 | **Know** | 70 |
| 99-Cthulhu Mythos | 99 | | | Damage Bonus | | +1D4 | |

1910s Investigator's Sheet

**Player's Name**

**CALL OF CTHULHU**
*Horror Role-Playing*

## Sanity Points

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Insane** | **0** | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | | |
| 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | |
| 32 | 33 | 34 | 35 | 36 | 37 | 38 | 39 | 40 | 41 | 42 | 43 | 44 | 45 | 46 | 47 | 48 | |
| 49 | 50 | 51 | 52 | 53 | 54 | (55) | 56 | 57 | 58 | 59 | 60 | 61 | 62 | 63 | 64 | 65 | |
| 66 | 67 | 68 | 69 | 70 | 71 | 72 | 73 | 74 | 75 | 76 | 77 | 78 | 79 | 80 | 81 | 82 | |
| 83 | 84 | 85 | 86 | 87 | 88 | 89 | 90 | 91 | 92 | 93 | 94 | 95 | 96 | 97 | 98 | 99 | |

## Magic Points

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Unconscious** | **0** | 1 | 2 | 3 | | | | |
| 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | (11) | |
| 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | |
| 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | |
| 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 32 | 33 | 34 | 35 | |
| 36 | 37 | 38 | 39 | 40 | 41 | 42 | 43 | |

## Hit Points

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Dead** | **-2** | **-1** | **0** | **1** | **2** | 3 | | |
| 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | |
| 12 | (13) | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | |
| 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | |
| 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 32 | 33 | 34 | 35 | |
| 36 | 37 | 38 | 39 | 40 | 41 | 42 | 43 | |

## Investigator Skills

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| ❑ Accounting (10%) | 10 | ❑ Law (05%) | 05 |
| ❑ Anthropology (01%) | 01 | ❑ Library Use (25%) | 65 |
| ❑ Archaeology (01%) | 01 | ❑ Listen (25%) | 35 |
| Art (05%): | | ❑ Locksmith (01%) | 01 |
| ❑ Painting | 05 | ❑ Martial Arts (01%) | 01 |
| ❑ | | ❑ Mech. Repair (20%) | 20 |
| ❑ Astronomy (01%) | 01 | ❑ Medicine (05%) | 05 |
| ❑ Bargain (05%) | 05 | ❑ Natural History (10%) | 10 |
| ❑ Biology (01%) | 01 | ❑ Navigate (10%) | 10 |
| ❑ Chemistry (01%) | 01 | ❑ Occult (05%) | 45 |
| ❑ Climb (40%) | 50 | ❑ Opr. Hvy. Mch. (01%) | 01 |
| ❑ Conceal (15%) | 25 | Other Language (01%): | |
| Craft (05%): | | ❑ French | 30 |
| ❑ | | ❑ Medieval French | 65 |
| ❑ | | ❑ | |
| ❑ Credit Rating (15%) | 50 | Own Language (EDUx5%): | |
| Cthulhu Mythos (00) | 01 | ❑ English | 70 |
| ❑ Disguise (01%) | 01 | ❑ Persuade (15%) | 30 |
| ❑ Dodge (DEX x2) | 30 | ❑ Pharmacy (01%) | 01 |
| ❑ Drive Auto (20%) | 20 | ❑ Photography (10%) | 10 |
| ❑ Electr. Repair (10%) | 10 | ❑ Physics (01%) | 30 |
| ❑ Fast Talk (05%) | 05 | Pilot (01%): | |
| ❑ First Aid (30%) | 30 | ❑ | |
| ❑ Geology (01%) | 01 | ❑ | |
| ❑ Hide (10%) | 20 | ❑ Psychoanalysis (01%) | 01 |
| ❑ History (20%) | 60 | ❑ Psychology (05%) | 05 |
| ❑ Jump (25%) | 25 | ❑ Ride (05%) | 35 |

| | |
|---|---|
| ❑ Sneak (10%) | 20 |
| ❑ Spot Hidden (25%) | 50 |
| ❑ Swim (25%) | 40 |
| ❑ Throw (25%) | 40 |
| ❑ Track (10%) | 35 |
| ❑ Literature | 70 |
| ❑ | |
| ❑ | |
| ❑ | |
| ❑ | |
| ❑ | |
| **Firearms** | |
| ❑ Handgun (20%) | 20 |
| ❑ Machine Gun (15%) | 15 |
| ❑ Rifle (25%) | 40 |
| ❑ Shotgun (30%) | 30 |
| ❑ SMG (15%) | 15 |

## Weapons

| *melee* | *%* | *damage* | *hnd* | *rng* | *#att* | *hp* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ❑ Bayonet (20%) | 20 | 1D6+1+db | 1 | touch | 1 | n/a |
| ❑ Fist (50%) | 50 | 1D3+db | 1 | touch | 1 | n/a |
| ❑ Grapple (25%) | 10 | special | 2 | touch | 1 | n/a |
| ❑ Head (10%) | 25 | 1D4+db | 0 | touch | 1 | n/a |
| ❑ Kick (25%) | 25 | 1D6+db | 0 | touch | 1 | n/a |
| ❑ Rifle Butt | 25 | 1D8+1D4 | 2 | touch | 1 | 12 |

| *firearm* | *%* | *damage* | *malf* | *rng* | *#att* | *shots* | *hp* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ❑ 303 Rifle | 40 | 2D6+4 | 00 | 110yds | 1/2 | 10 | 12 |
| ❑ | | | | | | | |
| ❑ | | | | | | | |
| ❑ | | | | | | | |
| ❑ | | | | | | | |
| ❑ | | | | | | | |

## Personal Data

**Investigator Name** James Mason III

**Residence** 308th Infantry Regiment

**Personal Description** Thin, lanky, with pale skin, brown hair, and deep-set eyes. Always frowning. Accustomed to luxury. Arrogant, whining. An idealist.

**Family & Friends** Wealthy parents—"The West Park Masons"

**Personality Traits** Spoiled, continually bemoning the wretched conditions. An idealist caught in a place where he's forced to see how spoiled he is. Loves putting on airs of superiority. Quotes Shakespeare.

**Episodes of Insanity** None.

**Wounds & Injuries** None.

**Marks & Scars** None.

## Mythos Tomes Read

None

## Entities Encountered

None

## Adventuring Gear & Possessions

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Belt, Ammo Pouches | Paybook | Rifle w/ Bayonet |
| Knap & Haversacks | Nail Scissors | Matches (3) |
| 50 Rounds Ammo | Carryall | Gloves |
| Uniform & Helmet | 2 Blankets | Service Cap |
| Towel | Ground Sheet | Wool Cap |
| Sewing Kit | Water Bottle | Muffler |
| 4 Pairs Socks | Mess Kit | Cardigan |
| M. French Lexicon | Knife, Fork, Spoon | Mug |
| Boots | 4 Novels | 1 Day's Food |
| Greatcoat | Prep School Ring | Pocket Knife |
| Pencil | Family Photos | |

## Investigator History

Your father grew rich on rail money, and you were born into the lap of luxury. All your life you had the best of everything, but you tired of the aristocrat's life and tried to stay away at prep schools or college as much as you could. Dear old James Senior never had more than a grade school education, and was determined that you would be smart and educated enough to run his business empire once he was gone. Hence, you lived more like a race horse than a son; groomed to achieve, driven on to bigger and better things. At first you strove for your father's attention, hoping that by fulfilling his dreams for you you might get some attention or love out of him, but you came to learn you were but another pawn of his ambition. You promptly dumped your studies of math and accounting and followed your first love into literature. While your love for Rebecca didn't last, your love for books did, and you hoped to become a scholar and teacher.

That's when your father started playing rough. You were already the black sheep of the family, but then he cut you off, using his money as leverage to suck you back in. As much as it pains you to admit it, you were quite spoiled by your life style, and had no clue how to make it on your own. You returned home, right into dear old dad's plan to "redeem" you. First, you would learn discipline and earn distinction serving as an officer in the Great War, then. . . .

That's all you needed to hear. The proceeding argument was epic, and in a fit of rage you told your father that you'd serve on your terms, not his, and be a damned infantryman, just to show him!

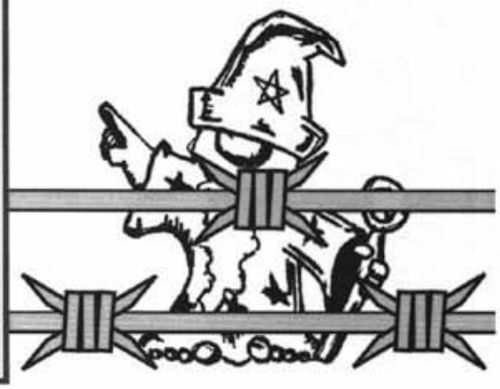
Seven months later, you still kick yourself sometimes. You live here, day after day in France, covered with mud, unshaven, crawling with lice, without baths, with wretched food, and only two sets of clothes to your name! The indignity!! And all the work! Marching, toiling. . . . Your feet feel broken and you're sure you've injured your back somehow. And the fighting! It's not like the novels you read, all honor and heroism, it's horrible!! You've seen the hideous things they carry back from the front on stretchers, calling them wounded. Sometimes in this hell you might want to die, but you've never wanted to be blown to pieces. The men in your squad aren't much help. Grimm, always berating your every mistake and hammering you for the way you talk, and that cur McNalley, who you're sure made off with your pocket watch. That low-life Irish trash may well be the death of you. Emmett Ryan's not much better. A do-gooder farmboy who's sooo athletic and can't get it into his tiny mind that you just might not want to be. You don't know what to think about Earl Martin. He writes lovely poetry, yet doesn't seem very well read. He's so distant, as though he doesn't want you to get to know him. Your one true friend in the squad is Anthony Parks. A fellow scholar, a fellow intellectual, who's having as much trouble adapting as you are. You two lean on each other a bit, holding decent conversation and taking care of each other. You didn't think anything as bad as this war was possible. Now you just want to go home, to a real bed, real food, regular baths, electric light. . . .

WIZARD'S ATTIC

# WIZARD'S ATTIC

**Chaosium & Cthulhu Collectibles**

A Message from the Wizard



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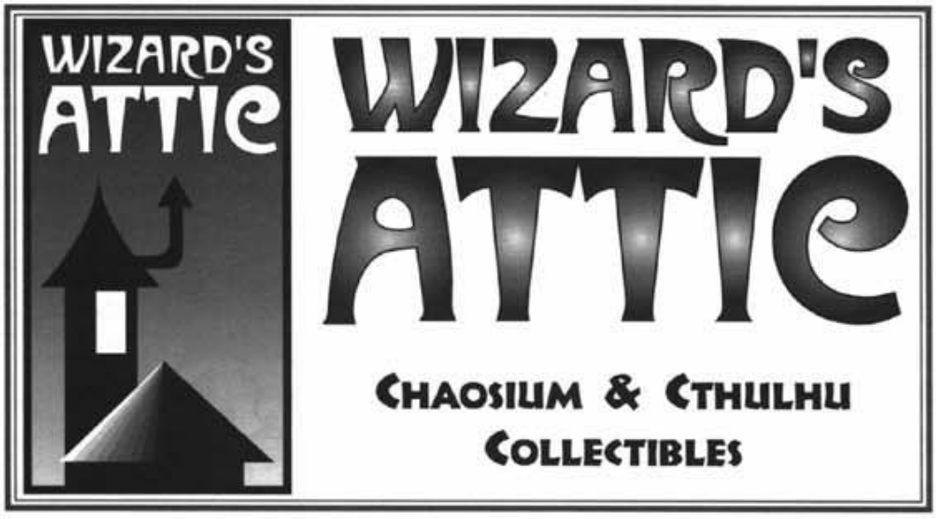


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Cthulhu Master's Tournament CMT

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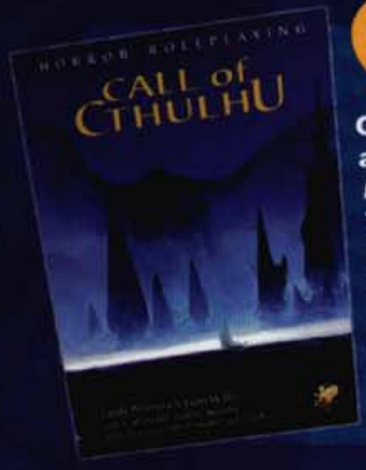


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